THE LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

ENTERTAINING COMPANION

FOR

THE FAIR SEX;

APPROPRIATED

SOLELY TO THEIR USE AND AMUSEMENT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1811.

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This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. The CONSULTATION.
2. LONDON fashionable WALKING and EVENING or BALL DRESS.
3. An Elegant New PATTERN for a Lady's Veil, &c. &c.

LONDON:

Printed for G. ROBINSON, No. 25, Paternoster Row;

Where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

An accurate and elegant Likeness of H. R. H. the Prince Regent, *engraved by* Mr. Heath, *is intended to grace our Number for* January.

"*Benedict.*"—The ingenious authoress of that interesting novel—which, to the great regret of many of our fair readers, has been so long interrupted by her severe and tedious illness—is now, we are happy to say, so far recovered as to promise a continuation of the story for our next Number.

The "*Farewell,*" by Miss Baxter—and "*Winter,*" by Miss Richardson—shall appear in our next.

"*Benyowski.*"—The *Bouts-rimés* on that extraordinary character we would, with great pleasure, have inserted in our present Number: but, missing one pair of the rhimes, and supposing that the author had, in the hurry of transcription, omitted a distich, we postpone the publication till next month—hoping, that, in the mean time, the omission may be supplied.

Two other *Completions of the Bouts-rimés*, from different authors—though possessed of merit—require revision and amendment.

Has our friend "*Anonymous*" of *N. P. not* received a private communication from us? We beg to be informed.

Of an *Imitation*, which the writer *knows* to have reached us, we are much pleased with the first half: the latter is liable to be misunderstood, as inculcating a doctrine which the worthy author certainly would not recommend.---He will oblige us by altering it.

To the author of an *altered piece of poetry* we are sorry to say, that the alteration does not meet our idea; and that we cannot insert it, or any of the pieces accompanying it.---On consulting some judicious friend, he will discover blemishes, on which it would be painful to us to animadvert, and for which the flattering compliment, that he is pleased to pay us in his verses, cannot compensate.

"A *Constant Reader*" will find the desired information, partly in our present Number, partly in that for February.—N.B. She ought to have paid the postage of her letter.

"*Homo*"*s Acrostich* we cannot insert.'

A lady wishes to be made acquainted with a recipe for a liquid to eradicate *superfluous hairs* from the face and arms. If any of our readers will obligingly furnish one, it shall be inserted in our miscellany.

The verses relative to the "*twentieth of October*" are too defective in metre: otherwise we would publish them.

Mr. Hersee's "*Stanzas to Health*" came too late for insertion in our present Number, but shall appear in our next.

The "*Invocation to Health by an Invalid*" is just come to hand.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

The Consultation.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

For OCTOBER, 1811.

Sappho; *an Historic Romance.*

(Continued from page 435, and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.)

The slaves retire, and resume their different occupations: Sappho alone remained with her parents, still cherishing the delusive hope that Phaon had submitted proposals to her father, in which she was deeply interested. Her eyes were alternately fixed on Scamandronymus and Cleïs, in anxious expectation of some expression favorable to her wishes: but neither from their looks, nor from their lips, could she gain the wished-for intelligence. Her illusion at length gives place to doubt, and her doubt to fear. That she might, however, be assured of the truth, she inquired of Scamandronymus the occasion of his interview with Phaon.—"A voyage to Sicily," replied her father.

Sappho's tears spontaneously flowed at this communication; and it was in vain that she endeavoured to restrain her grief, or to conceal her tears with her veil. Scamandronymus, astonished and affected by her sudden affliction, said with mildness, "What is the cause of this grief? and why these constant tears at the age of pleasure and joy?"—Sappho, sighing, replied, "O my father! grief is involuntary."—"But involuntary grief is not so ardent in its expression," said Cleïs tenderly.

"O my daughter," rejoined Scamandronymus, "you conceal the secret cause:—open your heart to our affection: we will assuredly find some remedy for your distress. If I am not deceived," he added after a short pause, "I think I have remarked, that the name of Phaon yesterday at table was the cause of your sudden confusion; and his name to-day renews your grief. If I may trust to the experience of years, the cause of these tears is love:—it is better therefore to tear away a veil already transparent, than to persevere in this gloomy silence, which increases your affliction and ours."

"Alas!" exclaimed Sappho—"who can know the extent of my distress, and administer a cure?" Giving way to feelings which she could no longer conceal, and to the mildness of paternal advice, she raised her veil, and appeared overwhelmed with tears and anguish. Ashamed of her weakness, she threw herself on the bosom of her mother, to hide her grief.—"Cheer up, my daughter!" said Cleïs. "You cannot reveal your misfortunes to more tender or affectionate friends."

"Overcome by these kind expressions, and by necessity, she disclosed all the secrets of her heart, and how her affections were first excited at the sight of the beautiful wrestler."

Scamandronymus, forgetting all paternal severity, listened to her sorrows with indulgent kindness—sensibly gratified that she had not concealed the cause of her grief in mournful silence. If happy love is dumb, an unhappy passion feels pleasure in the sympathy of the compassionate. Having once broken the first barrier of virgin reserve, and being pressed by the solicitations of af-

fectionate friendship, Sappho revealher most secret thoughts: her full heart overflowed with an unfortunate passion, which she had concealed only by long and painful efforts.

Scamandronymus, when she had concluded her narration, said, "You talk seriously on subjects of trivial importance; for love—and, above all, the love of a young girl—is provided with a multitude of resources in similar misfortunes."—"And what are they?" said Sappho, wiping her eyes with her veil....

"The first is marriage."

"But how, if he loves Cleonicè?"

"You have already told me so," said Scamandronymus; "and I have not lost a single word of your history: but you do not know the inconstancy of love: he has not yet conducted Cleonicè to the altar: his affections may still be gained: and there is no artifice of love in which I will not instruct you, to gain your object; for, if the beauty of Phaon pleases you, the gentleness of his manners has won my esteem:—he is rich: he understands commerce perfectly; and he possesses every advantage that can render marriage happy."

"O my father! or rather my friend!" said Sappho, embracing him with tears in her eyes—"this is the first moment of happiness I have ever enjoyed."

"Well!" said Cleïs, "I shall be satisfied with Phaon for a son: I shall participate in the happiness of my daughter, and be proud of her choice."

"But, supposing," said Scamandronymus, "that my efforts—from which however I expect much—should prove un-availing with Phaon; Lesbos still contains a race of blooming youths, among whom, you may, in a second choice, forget the first."

"And you will do well," said Cleïs, shaking her head, and passing her hand under the chin of Sappho, "to follow this advice: it would be folly to sacrifice yourself to ingratitude:—you will readily find a tender husband, and forget"....

"Never, my dear mother! I cannot live without him: he is the sole arbiter of my existence."

"Nevertheless, you will still enjoy it," said Scamandronymus cheerfully.—"However deep the wounds of love, they are never mortal: otherwise we should all die in our youth; and yet we reach to old age. It is not that I have never felt its torments:—yours recall them to my remembrance........When the tyrant reigns in our hearts, we think that we can never shake off his yoke. Experience teaches us, however, that this god, who triumphs over mortals, is himself conquered by time."

"Ah!" said Sappho—"you behold the tempests and shipwreck, from a place of safety."

"I will be your pilot," replied Scamandronymus: "and, to prove how sincerely I am disposed to assist you, as I know that love is impatient of delay, I will go immediately, and learn the dispositions of Phaon:—remain you with Cleïs until my return, and, as I hope, with favorable intelligence."

At these words, he retired, leaving Sappho with the most deceitful but the only solace of human cares—hope.

Neither the tender mother whose only son is exposed to the horrors of war, nor the youthful bride whose husband braves the tempestuous seas, waits the return of the beloved object of her affections with more painful anxiety, than Sappho feels in the expectation of her father.

Cleïs in vain endeavoured to calm the impatience of her daughter. Alas! of what avail are words, when the heart is occupied by one single object, and can only be satisfied by its actual presence? Cleïs had attained an advanced age by a life of continued tranquillity, and whose serenity had never been disturbed by the tempests of the passions—indulgent nature rather than rigid virtue had preserved her from their influence: whilst Sappho on the contrary was gifted with an excess of tender sensibility.—The good Cleïs lost herself in tiresome reasonings, and exhausted all the commonplace phrases of consolation to her wearied daughter, who continued silent, and occupied solely with her own melancholy reflexions.

Like the shepherd who sleeps at the monotonous sound of the murmuring brook, Sappho remained insensible to this unceasing repetition of fruitless exhortation: but, if she heard the wind, the sound of footsteps, or a human voice, she instantly expected to behold Scamandronymus:—she suddenly starts, stops, and returns to her seat—her veil wet with eternal tears.

Scamandronymus at length appeared:—he advanced with slow steps, and without uttering a word.—She anticipates the fatal answer:—they looked at each other in expressive silence. The impatience of Sappho could brook no longer delay: "I understand your silence," she exclaimed. "A friend would have hastened to communicate good news."

"Would to heaven I could," said Scamandronymus sorrowfully, throwing himself on a couch.

"Let me not, however," returned Sappho "remain ignorant of the extent of my misery:—yet I already know too much."

"Phaon began," replied Scamandronymus, "by praising your virtues and amiable qualities: he extolled the charms of your mind: but, when I mentioned my proposition, he said, 'I perceive with gratitude that you honor me with the same friendship which united you to my father, when you deign to make a proposal to which so many would aspire: but I must reply with sincerity—Cleonicè has received my plighted faith. If I were now to withdraw my promise, I should deserve your censure.—Allow me then to act towards her with the same candor that you expect to receive from me.—You are aware of the cause of my voyage to Sicily: I go to regulate my affairs, interrupted by the death of my respected father; and, after having shed on his ashes the tears of filial piety, my intention is to espouse Cleonicè, and to seek in her society the only consolation I can receive for his loss. To you, who can appreciate the feelings of duty and affection, I appeal with confidence:—what stronger motive could induce me to decline so flattering an offer?' After this explicit confession, I could no longer persist; but, O my daughter, in this excess of misfortune, listen to paternal advice. If my experience has any influence on your mind, I entreat you—not to forget Phaon—for I know how long it requires to cure the wounds of love—but to seek relief to your anguish in the public games, and in the assemblies of the people. 'Tis there that a new passion may drive the former from your memory."

Thus spoke the aged Scamandronymus: Sappho no longer heard his voice: her sight became dim: the paleness of death was expressed on her countenance: dumb and inanimate, she fell senseless on the couch from which she had just risen.

Scamandronymus ran forward to her assistance: Cleïs followed: their cries brought the slaves; and the house was a scene of confusion, tumult, and lamentation.—They all anxiously strive to recall Sappho to existence. When she opened her eyes, she saw all around her in tears, her parents mingling in their grief the tenderest expressions of concern and anxiety: her passion was now exalted to that degree of enthusiasm which broke through all the restraints of virgin reserve: her transports burst forth in loud exclamations: she tore her veil, her hair, and her vestments. More furious than the stricken deer which seeks the deepest gloom of the forests, she rushed out of the room, and shut herself up in her apartment.—Her unhappy parents, finding all consolation vain, left her to silence and solitude, from which they hoped some relief to her despair.—They ordered Rhodopè to follow her.

Sappho, overwhelmed with grief, was reclined on a couch, where, in her happier days, she was accustomed to court the influence of sleep, at that hour when the sun's ardent rays inflame the extent of the horizon: but now she can find no repose to her sufferings.—"What cruel pity," she exclaimed, "recalls me to existence? In death I was on the point of finding relief: who ever thinks of awaking those whose eyes, exhausted with tears, close at length o'er the tomb of a tender son or an affectionate wife?"

Rhodopè, interrupting her, mildly said, "Hope sometimes revives even at the moment when it appears extinct. In shipwreck, the sailor is saved by a plank; or, if he is dashed upon a rock, he sometimes escapes on the wreck: others, falling headlong from the steep precipice, have been miraculously upheld by the branches of a tree, which had been reared by chance in the fissures of a rock. Even on the field of battle, the living have been found under heaps of slain; and the shepherd, who played on the pipe at the foot of an oak, has, without being injured, seen the tree which gave him shelter shivered to atoms by the dreadful thunderbolt. Death alone destroys all hope: but, as long as we continue to breathe, we must still struggle with fortune. . . . Attend to my advice: you have heard of the fame of Stratonicè, the sorceress, who lives not far from the eastern gate of the city: from the bottom of her cave, she invokes the deities of the infernal regions, and in particular the dread Hecatè, the declared enemy of Venus.—Since your tears are vain, consult the oracle, which may afford more consolation than all your sighs.—I know the cavern of the Pythia; and, although I have not consulted her myself, a thousand others have related to me the prodigies that she has performed."

Sappho listened to the counsel of Rhodopè; and they went forth towards the cavern of Stratonicè.

Proceeding from the eastern gate, they soon reached the forest, where, at the foot of a lofty mountain, lived Stratonicè. Darkness still prevailed; and they proceeded in silence, which was only interrupted by the discordant screams of wild birds, and the rustling of dried leaves under their feet.—At length they arrived at the entrance of the cavern, which was formed by the cleft of a rock, and appeared hardly wide enough to admit their entrance. The foliage of the tufted ivy, which shaded the entrance, was blackened by a thick cloud of smoke, which announced to the wanderers the accustomed sacrifices of the Pythia.

When Sappho perceived the

gloomy objects around her, her resolution began to fail; and she trembled with fear. Rhodopê, who observed her consternation, seised her hand, and drew her forward.—Still hesitating and fearful, she followed with extreme reluctance.

The light of heaven never penetrated into this abode of eternal darkness.—Still, as she advanced, fresh objects excited her terror: flashes of fire proceeded at intervals from the interior of the cavern, which threw a glimmering brightness on the smoky way, and were reflected from the sparkling stalactites which were suspended from the roof of the cavern.

Their progress was by a gloomy avenue, where at the extremity appeared a doubtful gleam of light.—As they approached, their ears were assailed by the most dreadful sighs and groans.—The terror of Sappho increased, and the old slave continued to encourage and direct her steps.

Stratonicê was employed at her mysteries.—Whenever her sanctuary is suddenly intruded upon by strangers she flies into the profound abysses, which are inaccessible to the footsteps of the profane, and only appears to those who implore her aid by supplication and confidence: but, if any one, from idle curiosity or other motives, should dare to disturb her sacred ceremonies, she instantly invokes the presence of the phantoms and monsters which inhabit the forest; and, at her voice, the daring intruders are pursued by the most frightful and hideous spectres.

The two petitioners still advanced, and penetrated more and more into the interior of these frightful regions. The waters fell through the rock in icy dew on their clothes and their footsteps: they wrapped themselves in their cloaks, and walked with precaution along the slippery path. A distant brightness flashes in their eyes, whose splendor gradually increases; and they now hear distinctly the mysterious songs of the sacrifice.—At the end of the narrow path the cavern became suddenly enlarged; and, in the midst of the sacred enclosure, they perceive Stratonicê attentive to the celebration of her mysteries.—They stood still in respectful silence. But hardly had their presence been discovered by the Pythia when she cried aloud, "Infernal powers, and ye, wandering spirits of eternal night, fly quickly!—Perish these strangers, if a guilty intention has brought them hither!"

She instantly waved her wand, and drew three immense circles in the air, uttering at the same time un-intelligible expressions. The earth immediately shook; and mournful sounds filled the air.

Sappho, seised with terror, feels her voice expire on her lips: her hair stands erect with horror: she fancies that the mountain is in the act of crushing her, or the earth swallowing her up. But Rhodopê, turning toward the Pythia, said, "You see before you two simple supplicants. Timid and fearful, we approach your formidable altars, to implore your compassion:—forbear then these frightful menaces."

Touched by their submission, Stratonicê softened the expression of her terrible countenance:—her hair, which shaded her forehead, and fell in waving undulations on her neck, almost concealed her from their sight:—she now divided it, and showed to their astonished eyes a face where beauty still mingled with the severity of her expression. She was now in the summer of her age, and might have served as a model for artists to represent the austere Pallas, or the majestic Juno.

Satisfied of the intentions of the

supplicants, she let fall her black mantle, which still exhaled infernal vapors; and, clad in a white tunic bordered with purple, she advanced with serene majesty, saying, "Strangers! peace be with you! May the gods, whose dictates I declare, be favorable to your wishes!"

Sappho, who through fear had concealed herself in the cloak of Rhodopê, raising her veil, now ventured to consider the Pythia. Stratonicê, observing her, said, "Young maid, it is not necessary for me to consult the conjunction and influence of the stars, or to consider the features of your face, or to examine the lines of your hand: the knowledge of the human heart is sufficient to explain the motive which brought you hither. What could induce you to attempt this painful journey, and to traverse these deep caverns, but the invincible power of love, which surmounts every obstacle?"

Sappho was silent, her eyes bent to the ground, and her bosom palpitating—agitated like the wave which swells under the breath of the Zephyrs.—The mysterious cavern, the prophetic divinity, every thing around, strikes her with dumb astonishment.

Rhodopê now spoke—"Divine Stratonicê! you know the violence of the passion which brings Sappho and her slave Rhodopê before you: there is, without doubt—there ought to be—some remedy for an evil so desperate. Of all those who have ever felt the passion of love, and came to supplicate the gods, you see the most unhappy. . . . You know". . .

"'Tis enough," said Stratonicê: "it is unnecessary to relate what I am already acquainted with. Give me your hand, Sappho."

Astonished, but yielding to the imposing voice and imperious gesture of the Pythia, Sappho presents her hand.—The Pythia, seising a torch, examined her countenance with a severe and scrutinising eye—she paused—but, in a moment of prophetic enthusiasm, she exclaimed—

"Ah! luckless maid! by fate condemn'd to prove
The cruel pangs of unrequited love!"

(To be continued.)

The TRIAL *of* LOVE.

From the German of Augustus La Fontaine.

"YES, fair Armgard! you are dearer to me than life!" warmly exclaimed the young Louis of Echenloe, laying his hand on his heart.—"You all say the same," replied the blushing Armgard: "woe to the credulous maid who gives faith to your protestations!—Leave me!" added she—"Come along, Gertrude."——The two friends retired to a bower at the extremity of the garden, while Louis remained gazing on them, till the white robes of Armgard were no longer discernible among the shrubs; he then slowly returned to the castle.

"Dearer than life!" repeated Armgard with a gesture expressive of incredulity.—"If I were to trust any man," said Gertrude, "it would be that noble knight. I would not say as much for Rodolpho, or the lord of Rheindorf: they only regard you as the heiress of Hardeburg."——"And you think Louis entertains other sentiments?"—"I know he sincerely loves the charming Armgard,"—"But what makes you imagine so?"—"I can hardly tell," said Gertrude: "but I perceive it in a thousand nameless trifles, which bear the marks of real love. Your father believes Rodolpho and the lord of Rheindorf to be as much attached to you as Louis, because they

are always by your side, wear your liveries at tournaments, and are your professed admirers: but how different from him! Love breathes in all his actions: if by chance his hand meet yours, his sparkling eyes betray his emotion: it was but yesterday, that, turning suddenly round, one of your flowing ringlets touched his hand: he seemed afraid to move, lest he should destroy the charm diffused over his existence.—These are follies, you will say: but is wisdom a characteristic of love?"

Armgard, although she continued to combat her friend's opinion, felt a secret pleasure in hearing from her lips proofs of Louis's attachment. Yet she could not believe that he really loved her *better than his life*:—this, she thought, was not in nature, though she wished that it were possible. She dwelt with such pleasure on the hopes of being so beloved, that she formed a resolution never to bestow her hand but upon one, who, beyond the possibility of doubt, would be willing to sacrifice his life for her.

"And how can you ever ascertain that?" asked Gertrude.—"There lies the difficulty," replied Armgard: then sitting down on the grass, and leaning her head on her hand, she indulged the most pleasing *rêverie*:—her glowing fancy pictured Louis exposing his life to the most imminent danger for her sake.—Gertrude guessed from her manner that she wished to be alone, and turned into another walk.

When they met in the evening, Armgard appeared agitated. "Gertrude," said she earnestly, "I must know it!" and, taking the hand of her friend, she precipitately conducted her from the garden to the cell of the chaplain.

"I am determined to know it!" repeated she, and proceeded to impart her wishes, her doubts, and her resolution, to the chaplain. "A husband who truly loves me, or the veil, holy father, must be my choice!" Thus Armgard concluded a long speech, in which she proved to the good monk, that her future tranquillity and happiness depended on the certainty she should gain upon this subject. She next developed the romantic scheme she had formed to try the constancy of Louis of Echenloe, and ascertain whether he actually loved her as fervently as he would fain make her believe. It required considerable trouble to be carried into execution; but what could be impossible to two young women, aided by the counsel of a monk, in whose convent very wonderful miracles had been wrought? The magical plan was agreed on, and every thing prepared for its execution: Armgard devoutly prayed to the Blessed Virgin, to support the pious knight in the severe trial he was to undergo.

One fine summer evening, the two young ladies, the knight, and the chaplain, were sitting in the garden, where the cool breeze, after a sultry day, induced them to prolong their stay beyond the usual hour.—When Armgard had for some time accompanied on her lute the sweet voice of Gertrude, they began to converse with the confidence of intimate friends, Louis telling love-stories, and the chaplain reciting legendary tales. The discourse turned, apparently without design, on Armgard's great grandmother:—the monk related so many extraordinary circumstances of her death, and of the prodigies which happened at her tomb, that Louis stared at him in amazement, and the two friends seemed almost breathless with terror.

"I have," said the monk, "visit-

ed her sepulcre, and seen fleeting shadows hovering round it. A short time before the decease of the late baroness, I descended into the vaults where the remains of the lords of Hardeburg were deposited, and there beheld frightful apparitions, and heard lamentable voices, foretelling the death of the lady of the mansion." He concluded by saying, that, "whenever any member of the illustrious house of Hardeburg was to die, those spectres appeared, and aërial voices warned the inhabitants of the castle of the melancholy event."

His narrative was so wonderful, and his manner so impressive, that the curiosity of the knight was wrought up to the highest pitch. He resolved on exploring the vaults himself, and asked for the keys, which he was told were in the custody of the baron.—Armgard pretended to be apprehensive for his safety. "For my sake, forbear the rash attempt," said she.—He promised her to desist, though fully determined not to keep his word.—They returned to the castle.

On their way thither, the two friends leaned on their companion, looking fearfully around. Armgard, with well-feigned horror in her countenance, pointed towards the arched window of *the hall of the knights* in the western wing of the castle, exclaiming that she perceived "a gleam of light on the painted casements."—The chaplain took this opportunity, to enlarge once more on the mysterious appearances in the vaults.—A vivid light flashed suddenly on the walls of the western wing:—the monk crossed himself: Armgard and Gertrude clung to Louis, who could not divest himself of a secret dread, as he knew that part of the building had been long shut up.

When they reached the castle, the three confederates, exulting in having thus awakened his curiosity, bade him good night.—He retired to his chamber, but not to rest: his thoughts were entirely occupied with the occurrences of the evening.—The next day he obtained from father Eustace such particulars as increased his desire to visit the mystic tomb.

On the third day, having received the keys of the vault from the baron, he repaired to the un-inhabited part of the castle with his squire of tried courage and fidelity. Having traversed a spacious court-yard, they ascended a flight of stone steps, decayed and grass-grown, which led to the interior of the ancient edifice. Louis unfastened the massy folding doors, which he had no sooner passed, than they closed after him with a tremendous noise.

The clock had just struck seven.—Louis opened the first door that presented itself, and, crossing a long suite of rooms furnished in a style which at once proclaimed the magnificence of its former inhabitants, and the remote period at which they had lived, he came to a large iron door, ornamented with gilded carvings. Louis and his attendant, having with some difficulty unlocked it, were struck with admiration not unmixed with awe, at the Gothic splendor of the hall of the knights, where they now stood.

At the upper end of this hall, was a throne under a canopy, where, in feudal times, Armgard's ancestors sat in state, and gave audience to their vassals preparing for war. Pillars of red marble supported a magnificent gallery, appropriated to the ladies and retainers of the family: between those pillars, were placed the figures of the baron's predecessors; while their armour hung sus-

pended to the walls, which, according to the fashion of the age, were decorated with emblematic paintings, interspersed with scriptural inscriptions, and warlike mottoes. Rusted lances rested against the pillars, over which waved the banners that had so often led the noble warriors to victory.

The stillness and vast extent of this solitary place—the faint rays of the setting sun, dimly reflected through the stained glass—the gloom behind the pillars—the effigies of departed knights—even our adventurers' footsteps on the tessellated pavement, re-echoing through the arched roof—all combined to dispose their minds to superstitious fears; and the shades of the lords of Hardeburg almost appeared to their frighted imaginations to glide along the colonnade.

Impressed with undescribable terror, they both remained silent, and, drawing close together, started at these phantoms of their own creation. If one pointed to any of the surrounding objects, the other scarcely dared to turn his eyes towards that spot, dreading to behold some hideous spectre!—Thus they spent half an hour in the hall of the knights.

Louis, however, was determined not to recede; and, lighting two wax tapers, he searched for an issue leading to the sepulcre, and discovered, behind the throne, a secret door, which yielded to a slight pressure of his hand. Followed by his squire, on whose countenance curiosity and affright were strongly depicted, he led the way through a narrow corridor, at the end of which was a door fastened by heavy iron bolts: he undrew them; and a steep staircase, that seemed to reach a great way under ground, presented itself to their view. They descended its high uneven steps, at the bottom of which was a vaulted space, from which branched out three arched passages. The place was desolate and dark as the grave: the sighs of restless spirits seemed to die away in the hollow murmurs of the chilling blast, which issued from those dreary recesses. Louis crossed himself, and recommended his soul to St. George, while his terrified squire invoked all the saints whose names he had ever heard.

(*To be continued.*)

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 413.)

CHAP. III.

. . . . . . I must not think these are
Evils enough to darken all his goodness:
His faults in him seem as the spots in heaven,
More fiery by night's blackness: hereditary
Rather than purchas'd—what he cannot change,
Than what he chooses.

Shakspeare.

FREDERIC Saint-Villiers possessed, at this period, all the conviviality, all the openness of heart, inherent in his countrymen, with a fearless confidence of manner, that disregarded censure, though it courted not applause. He might almost be said to think aloud. Hence all his actions, even his very opinions, being publicly known, he gave a handle to the misrepresentations of the envious and the malicious, of which they failed not to make use.

Lord Saint-Villiers was in Ireland at his son's return, and perceived, with a jealousy which he could scarcely conceal, that he was one of the handsomest men in the kingdom. His Lordship was likewise almost equally provoked to find him one of the most expensive: for, though the young man did not draw upon his banker to near the extent of his extravagance, that portion was suffi-

ciently large to excite the highest indignation in his father's bosom. Their first interview was cool; their second acrimonious:—in short, they soon kept as much asunder as possible.

At Castle-Rossford, however, where they were both invited to the birth-day, they were for a time stationary under the same roof. Their lovely hostess found her partiality for the son gaining additional strength: but that attention, which female delicacy restrained with respect to him, was unlimitedly shown to his father. Toward her, however, the manners of the young gentleman never altered: but the impression which he had already made on her heart, was too deep to require the aid of more attentive behaviour.

The festivities at Castle-Rossford being concluded, and its guests departed, the fair owner found a void, which equally unfitted her for business or amusement. The projected improvements were not commenced: the country grew cold and comfortless. The Miss Reevesmores, her ladyship found out, wished to participate in the gaieties of the metropolis. One month longer was all that her uncle could at present devote to her. Her heart, she felt, would not let her accompany him to his seat in Lancashire, as had once been proposed. She should (she said) have sufficient leisure to carry her projected plans into execution after his departure, and would not therefore suffer business to intrude upon the short time her friends now meant to favor her with their company.

Accordingly they were all soon established in Dublin. The residence of Lady Rossford was of course crowded with the gay and the affluent of both sexes. Numerous were the proposals then tendered to her ladyship's acceptance; and unbounded was the admiration she received: but the former were rejected, the latter disregarded.

Grave and steady beyond her years, Lady Rossford gave the most pointed discouragement to the herd of idle triflers who sought to gain her favor. Frederic Saint-Villiers was the only guest whom her heart expanded to meet; and—though wholly unmixed with passion—he gave her all the approbation that he had to bestow; while, in her soft, yet sensible conversation, he often sought to recruit his scattered senses, after the orgies of the preceding day.

To his foibles she was no stranger; for the busy tongue of rumor delighted to blazon forth his errors and extravagancies: but her attachment whispered that it would be meritorious to rescue such a youth from their influence, before it was too late. She was ignorant that his faults were in some measure hereditary. Lord Saint-Villiers's libertinism had been so long known, that it had ceased to be spoken of; and her ladyship was too recently returned to her native isle, to be told "the tales of other times." Every one connected with Frederic was interesting to her: of course, she treated his father with peculiar distinction, and, quite unconscious of the construction he put upon it, allowed him to perceive how much she preferred his company to the younger beaux who fluttered around her.

It has been before observed, that vanity was a leading *trait* in Lord Saint-Villiers's character: and hence, when he was joked from all quarters upon the partiality of the first *belle* in the capital, he scrupled not to believe that her naturally serious disposition made her choice fall upon a man older than herself; and he

finally flattered himself into the hope that he should carry off from his younger competitors one of the finest women, and the first heiress, in the kingdom.

The arrangement of his affairs, and riddance of certain incumbrances, he determined should be the preliminary steps to making his proposals; and, with all the absurdity of a premature dotage, he suffered his mind to dwell upon his one darling chimæra, till he admitted not even a doubt of its being realised. He accordingly set off for London, and, undertaking some commissions for Lady Rossford, seised with avidity the pretext which they afforded him to soften his absence by writing to her upon such business as occurred in selecting the articles which she had requested him to procure.

Nearly at the same time, the Reevesmore family quitted Lady Rossford, and returned to England. Saint-Villiers also left Dublin, upon an excursion with some of his gay companions.—The metropolis now appeared to her ladyship quite deserted; and she returned to her country seat, accompanied by an elderly relative, whose society she thought preferable to absolute solitude.

In the lonely seclusion of Castle Rossford, its fair owner reproached herself for the part she was acting: but it is rarely that the cool dictates of reason prevail at once over the sophistry of love; and the presence of her enslaver soon stifled them.

The mansion of Lord Blenmore was not above a few miles distant from that of Lady Rossford. He was just returned thither from London, and was seen waited upon by his *ci-devant protégé*.

Frederic Saint-Villiers had more regard than veneration for the Earl. He knew his habits of life—his modes of thinking: but he was nevertheless accustomed to put the utmost confidence in his judgement, and was partial to his society. He knew, that, wherever his lordship was, gaiety and pleasure would prevail; and, having finished the excursion which had drawn him from Dublin, he quitted his companions, and came to Blenmore, with the intention of making some stay.

The alteration which his vicinity produced in the spirits of Lady Rossford, was too obvious to remain unnoticed by her companion. Mrs. O Donnel had that sort of subservient disposition and wish to make herself agreeable to her superiors, which made it the rule of her conversation always to chime in with their opinions. Hence the praise of Mr. Saint-Villiers became her principal topic; and so grateful was the theme to the partial ear of Lady Rossford, that her penetration never detected the source from which it flowed, or saw through the flimsy insinuation of her being the magnet that drew "the ornament of the capital to the shades of the country."

Lord Blenmore also began to harbour a suspicion of the state of his neighbour's heart; and a proposal, which he was commissioned to make, soon unfolded it completely. He had requested a private conference with her ladyship, and briefly stated its import, before he mentioned to whom it related.

Lady Rossford, with only one idea predominant in her mind, mistook the person of whom he spoke: but the glow, the animation of her countenance, instantaneously changed, when, after a sort of preliminary *éloge*, he proceeded to say that the overtures, which he was desired to propose, were on the part of his young relative, the Marquis of Limerick.

The wily negotiator immediately perceived that similar proposals in behalf of some more favored youth would have been differently received; and a full possession of the secret which he already surmised, was no very difficult matter to attain.

When Lord Blenmore returned to his own house, he found Saint-Villiers violently irritated by a letter which he had just received from his father, telling him that his extravagance was not to be endured; that he had ordered his bankers no longer to honor his drafts; and that, in consequence of the immense sums he had already gone through, he must not in future expect a larger allowance than eight hundred a year: for, as he (Lord Saint-Villiers) was busied in arranging his affairs previous to a matrimonial connexion, he thought it best to let him know what he had to depend upon. He offered his interest, in either the political or military line; but added, that his further bounty, beyond the sum specified, would be regulated entirely by the prudence and reformation that he should perceive in his son's conduct.

"*Bien comique!*" exclaimed Lord Blenmore, as he returned: e letter. "What foolish fair one has yielded to the bait of a coronet? though, *entre nous*, 'tis equally probable that your sage papa is taken in by some veteran schemer, who only seeks to secure a maintenance. However, for you, my dear Saint-Villiers, the brightest prospects are opening." He then related his discovery of the morning, and even exceeded his usual eloquence in endeavouring to persuade his guest not to lose time in securing such incalculable advantages, as seemed to court his acceptance.

(To be continued.)

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 409.)

Mr. Denham, to Mr. Stanhope.

YOUR suspicions, Jack, were hostile to my fair widow! So perfectly, however, was I convinced of her purity, that I felt hurt at the idea that the man possessed of my confidence should dare to harbour a doubt of her innocence; and, to punish you for your temerity, I determined to let you remain in a state of suspense with regard to my proceedings. But, as I am a placid good soul, my resentment is not of long continuance. On my arrival in London, I called at your lodgings: but, behold! you had quitted town; and, instead of yourself in person, I only found the letter which you had left for me, complaining of my silence.

Oh! Stanhope! when you see this charming woman, you will condemn yourself for having harboured a doubt injurious to her honor:—deceit never took up its residence in a form so gentle.—Mrs. Beville is still in the country, nor does she seem to have any desire to quit her present abode. You seem to have your doubts, too, with regard to my intentions towards this fair one. But, Mr. Wisdom, had you suffered yourself to reflect for a moment, your doubts would have vanished into air. Would I have introduced Lady Beaumont to a woman on whom I had formed dishonorable designs? No, Stanhope! Mrs. Beville will never be the object of my licentious passion: the sensations I feel for her are more tender, more refined; and I would not alarm her spotless delicacy, to be lord of the universe. And I flatter myself that I am not absolutely disagreeable to her: for she has long seemed to be reconciled to the frequency of my visits: nay she has even suffered me

to assist her in the culture of her little garden. I help her in supporting her flowers: and sometimes, in the twining of a honeysuckle, our fingers have met, and the tremors of mine seemed to be communicated to hers:—but you have no idea of this nameless something, so difficult to define, and which now possesses my whole soul.—But I forget that your curiosity is on the rack: I will therefore give you Mrs. Beville's tale in her own words—

"In a quiet and retired village within two short miles of Oxford, I spent the early part of my life in content and happiness. My father was vicar of the parish: his income was small: but it was sufficient to procure him the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life: he had no wishes for any thing more; and his hopes of worldly happiness were centred in me his only child. Deprived of my mother in my infancy, I could not be sensible of my loss. My father conducted my education with care and assiduity, and was my sole instructor, often telling me, that virtue would be all my portion.—I listened to him with attention: for I revered him as a parent, and loved him as my best and only friend.

"Un-acquainted with the world, I sighed not for a knowledge of its pleasures, and thought that true felicity was not to be found out of the pale of our village. I had a distant relative who lived at Oxford, whom I frequently went to see, and usually took with me a maid servant: and, though it was a seminary of young men, many of whom are gay and licentious, I never met with the least molestation from any of them, till one day, as I was walking towards the town, I met a party of them, who, far from passing me unnoticed, accosted me in a strain to which I was quite un-accustomed.

"Perceiving that they were greatly inebriated, I was alarmed, and begged of them to suffer me to pass on: but my entreaties had no effect. Their language and behaviour was so gross, that I endeavoured to run from them: but one of the party held me fast; and I know not to what insults I might have been exposed, if two gentlemen had not at that moment come up with us. The parties seemed to be acquainted. When one of them mildly expostulated with his friends for detaining a young lady in that forcible manner, they laughed at him, and bade him go about his business.

"Extremely terrified, I burst into tears, and entreated him to rescue me from those brutal young men.—A warm altercation and scuffle ensued: but, in the end, my champion was victorious. He took me under his arm, and, in a voice soft and soothing, asked me which way I was going—telling me that he would conduct me in safety.

"I was so affected, that I could not presently recollect myself, but pointed towards our village.—He strove to compose my ruffled spirits, and entreated me not to walk so fast, as I was now perfectly safe.—In broken accents I returned him thanks for his timely assistance, and gladly availed myself of his friendly offer.

"On our arrival at our house, my father immediately saw my discomposure, and tenderly inquired the cause.—I could not answer him, but fainted in his arms.—On my recovery, I found that my father had learned my adventure from my preserver, who seemed oppressed with the warmth of my father's acknowledgements, who thought he could not be sufficiently grateful for the attention he had shown to his only and beloved child.—Mr. Beville (for he had told us his name) soon took his leave.

"Harassed and fatigued, I retired early to bed: but my mind was too much agitated, to enjoy that sweet and un-interrupted repose which usually attended my pillow. My sleep was broken and disturbed:—the form of Mr. Beville continually swam before my heavy eyes. When I arose in the morning, I felt languid and unrefreshed; and a thousand times in the day did my eyes wander towards the road that lead to our house. I fondly hoped once more to see Mr. Beville: nor were those hopes delusive: in the evening he came, and inquired after my health with so much anxiety and attention, that I felt my face glow, and my voice faulter, as I answered him. He was so attentive and respectful to my father, that the good old man was quite delighted with him.

"These visits were often repeated; and I soon found that I had no happiness but in his company. All my former amusements had lost their charms: I grew pale, was absent and restless.—This change could not escape the observation of a fond parent: he would often gaze fondly on me, would heave a sigh, and exclaim, 'My poor girl! I fear I shall not live to see thee happy?'

"Still Mr. Beville came more frequently to our cottage: he would walk with me, read to me, and sometimes join his fine voice with my feeble notes when I sang; which I often did, to amuse my father: and, by a thousand little delicate attentions, he made himself such an interest in my heart, that the idea of being deprived of the sight of him made me miserable: and what added to my uneasiness, was, that I was uncertain what were his sentiments with regard to me, as he seemed infinitely more assiduous to gain my father's good will than mine.—Often indeed would he gaze upon me with looks full of softness and languor; often would he sigh, and sometimes press my hand.—Though I could taste no happiness out of his company, I was often extremely wretched when with him.

"At last my father thought it necessary to make some inquiries into the family and connexions of Mr. Beville.—I knew not that he had done so, 'till one day my father observing how assiduously I was gathering some fruit that I knew Mr. Beville was particularly fond of, 'Would to heaven, my dear Amelia,' cried he, 'that you had never seen Mr. Beville!'

"I hastily turned round, and, letting the basket drop from my hand, while the tears started in my eyes, I cried, 'My dear father! why do you wish so?'—'Because you must not see him any more: and can you part with him, Amelia, without a pang?'—I hung my head in silence and dejection.—'Mr. Beville,' continued my father, 'is a younger son of Lord K***s: the knowledge of his rank must put an end to hopes which I fear you have too fondly encouraged. But tell me, Amelia, has Mr. Beville ever made to you any professions of love?'—'Never, sir. If he had, you may be assured I would not have concealed it from you.'—'I am glad of it, my Amelia: nor must you ever listen to him on this subject. Mr. Beville would be ruined, were he to form so imprudent a connexion. Would you wish to see Mr. Beville at enmity with his family on your account?'—'I would sooner die,' cried I with fervor. 'But surely we may be friends: and I have no reason to think that Mr. Beville feels any other sentiment for me than that of friendship,—'Friendship, my Amelia, is a false blandishment, when professed by two

young people of different sex: it will rob you of your peace, if encouraged. You must therefore part, my child. However painful, it is the only certain remedy. This new-born passion will soon wear away; and my Amelia will, I trust, be happy again.'

"Totally distressed by this conversation, I had not power to speak. —My father saw and felt my anguish, and, to relieve it, left me to myself. The next morning, walking in the garden, I saw Mr. Beville enter, and approach my father.—I wished, un-observed, to hear their conversation, and therefore crept behind a hedge of filbert-trees, which concealed me from their view.

"After some common conversation, my father asked Mr. Beville to seat himself on the bench beside him, as he wished to talk with him on a subject very near to his heart. —Beville seated himself in silence by him; and my father addressed him in the following words—" I have the highest opinion of your honor and integrity, Mr. Beville, and trust you would not deceive an old man who esteems you. Your visits are very frequent to this lowly cottage:—my conversation cannot possibly be the charm that attracts you hither. My treasure in this world is an only daughter: I am anxious for her welfare: I would not willingly have her fair fame sullied; nor could I, unmoved,' continued he in faultering accents, 'see her droop and pine like a faded flower, the victim of an improper attachment. You are a young man, Mr. Beville. My daughter is in the bloom of youth and innocence: she possesses the charm of novelty too. There was something romantic in your introduction to each other's acquaintance: you may therefore fancy that you love my child. But have you considered the consequence of indulging such a sentiment, whether real or imaginary?—I have learned your connexions, sir: you are the last man that should form an imprudent attachment. You inherit rank from your birth: you must acquire fortune to support that rank, by an alliance with some opulent family. A union with the daughter of a poor vicar would be ruinous to you in every respect.—I speak to you, Mr. Beville, as to a rational being, to whom reason is given to controul the force of passion. Leave us then, sir—leave my daughter, happy and innocent as you found her.'

(*To be continued.*)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(*Continued from page 404.*)

"Your country," said Coligni, now breaking silence, "claims the greatest portion of your grief. By the loss of those heroes, which William had foreseen, your strength has sustained a greater diminution than it could have suffered by the event of an unsuccessful battle: and how cruel the decree of fate, that, at the very instant when the Belgic cause received so severe a blow, thy paternal bosom, O Nassau, should be rent by a new and deep wound! From the first moment of thy entrance on that glorious career, heaven was pleased to exercise and prove thy virtue by the severest of trials...... Nevertheless, if the painful feelings which rack thy bosom will permit thee, deign to conclude this narrative, in which our warriors take so lively an interest."

William raised his eyes, and read in every countenance the most eager attention.

"Impatient," he resumed, "to put a period to the perfidies and

cruelties of Alva, our army reached the banks of Meuse, where my brother Lewis awaited my arrival: and already had Alva displayed his banners on the adverse shore.—Had I listened only to the calls of vengeance and the dictates of my own courage, I should have immediately attempted the passage of the river, though at that time swollen beyond its usual height by the tributary streams of the mountain torrents. The two armies viewed each other from the opposite banks; and the Meuse, reflecting from its glassy bosom the warrior hosts, their glittering arms, and the long ranges of tents, and thus approximating them in the watery mirror, redoubled the ardor which already urged me on to engage in battle.

"The shades of night were now spreading o'er the plains, when, as I walked in slow and pensive mood along the margin of the stream, a young warrior rushed into my arms. 'What!' cried I—'is it you, Adolphus? At a distance from your brothers, what were your intentions?'

"To imitate your glorious example,' returned Adolphus. 'Behold! for this gold have I exchanged the whole of my possessions: into your hands I resign it, and, in addition, offer you whatever assistance this arm is capable of affording—happy, if, before I resign my breath, I be enabled to inflict a few wounds on the hydra of tyranny!'

"At these words, I viewed him with affectionate tenderness, and, clasping him to my bosom, 'Pardon, my dear Adolphus,' cried I—'pardon the insult I have offered you!—Ye tyrants! you have not robbed me of all that was dear to my heart: I have brothers yet remaining!'

"The silver orb of Phœbè gradually advancing in her nightly career, I continued on the bank of the river, and kept my eye fixed on its waters, which were rapidly decreasing—when sudden a bark appeared, conducted by a hoary sire, who steered it to the spot where I stood. 'I am a Batavian,' said he to me, 'and am not ignorant of the object of your present solicitude. The river is yet swollen by the torrents which have increased its stream: but I have traced its whole course—Come! at a short distance from these camps, its depth is inconsiderable; and you can there effect your passage.'

"Struck with the air of candor which beamed on his countenance, I surrendered myself to his guidance, and entered the bark, which rapidly skimmed along the watery expanse. In the middle of the river, I sounded the stream, and touched the bottom with my sword. The skiff was immediately steered back to the shore—I roused the chiefs and the soldiers—the troops eagerly flew to arms; and we commenced our march.

"Mounted on a spirited courser that defied all danger, I was the first to enter the tide: our horses, forming as it were a rampart above, broke the impetuosity of the current; and every circumstance seemed to smile success on our enterprise:—the lunar beam was slightly veiled by transparent clouds: the river continued to sink lower in its bed, and to abate the rapidity of its stream.—As a numerous host of the feathered tribe venture with daring pinions to traverse the realms of Neptune in quest of a serener sky and a more temperate climate, and, on their safe arrival, hail the happy region with the harmony of their song—thus did our army intrepidly cross the Meuse.

"But our measures did not long elude the vigilance of the foe: the

hostile camp was soon in motion. When apprised of our daring attempt, Alva could scarcely credit the report:—he flew to arms—advanced at the head of his troops to oppose our landing, and swore that we should not set foot on the Belgic shore.—While yet in the middle of the stream, 'My friends!' cried I—'shall the bed of this river be our grave? shall we here perish in sight of the provinces which loudly invite us to their assistance? shall we abandon the Batavians, who burn with ardor to second our generous efforts? Ah! if we must fall, let us fall in close and gallant conflict. But our valour promises us a certain victory: we have already conquered the Meuse; let us next conquer Alva!'

"Having thus spoken, I advanced toward the adverse shore, which presented to our view a formidable barrier of swords and pikes, and seemed covered with a rampart of flame incessantly issuing from the brazen mouths of war. Grim Death lours on us in vain: regardless of his frowns, we pursue our way. Close by my side are my brothers, and the most intrepid of our chiefs: a band of dauntless warriors follow us: others have not yet reached the bank: the river is stained with their blood; and the combat we had to sustain included the additional perils incident to a naval engagement. The valiant Aremberg rushes toward me, and, with his trenchant blade, inflicts a wound on my kinsman Hoogstraten.

"At sight of his blood, Adolphus thought it was mine he saw flowing; and, forgetful of all danger except that which threatened me, furiously pressed forward to attack Aremberg. Death now hovered o'er Adolphus' head, when, with a successful blow (may I ever, my dear brother, with equal success screen you from impending fate!) I struck the sword from the hand of Aremberg, whose rage was inflamed to the utmost on seeing his intended victim rescued from the stroke of death. Meantime Alva advances, preceded by tumult and clouds of dust: he presses upon our cohorts, and forces them back into the Meuse. Around him glitter the swords of his son Frederic, of the intrepid Vitelli, and of the proud Avila.

"I alone, and a small number who adhered to me, still maintained our ground on the shore. I raised my voice, and, calling to my friends, pointed out to them the Belgic towers: at the same instant a furious tempest shook the firm ranks of the Spaniards, while the Meuse, covered with floating corses, burst from his bed, and poured forth his auxiliary waves to fight in our defence.—Lewis, Adolphus, Aldegonde, rally the German bands, and re-conduct them to the shore: confusion and dismay spread through the Spanish host; and Alva, reluctantly compelled to relinquish his un-availing opposition to our passage, retires indignant to his camp.

"A short distance intervened between the two armies; and, during the inaction of the night, we could distinctly hear the murmurs of the Spanish warriors, as the hoarse grumblings of the angry lion who had been obliged to retreat before the superior strength of the hunters, and take refuge in his den.

"Scarce had the first beams of returning day begun to gild the horizon, when the corps of Batavians whom you here see assembled, and whom Egmont and Horn were to have conducted to me, appeared before my eyes, as a forlorn family, escaped from some general disaster—deprived of father, friends, and

support—and wholly absorpt in grief and mourning. They were commanded, however, by two intrepid warriors, Douza and Lumey. The eyes of Lumey sparkled with gloomy fire; and his beard, which he had suffered to grow neglected, announced the deep affliction of his soul.

"'Nassau!' said he, 'we have sworn to avenge the captivity of Egmont and Horn; and here in your presence we renew our oath—happy to unite our fortune with yours, and enabled to do it by your recent victory. I swear, moreover, by the friendship which binds me to those chiefs, that, as a badge of mourning for their hapless fate, this beard shall remain unshaven, till the day arrive which shall restore them to liberty.'

"He said.——I advanced among them—exhorted them to fortitude and perseverance—and, though deeply afflicted myself, offered them consolation. I vainly interrogated them concerning the fate of Barneveldt; and my eyes instinctively strayed through their ranks, in search of Egmont, Horn, and my son.

"But, lo! Alva and his army, taking advantage of the shades of night, escaped beyond our reach. As soon as I discovered his flight, I hasted to pursue his steps with my faithful adherents, but was un-able to overtake him. At length he seised on an advantageous position in the heart of our provinces, and stationed himself on a lofty eminence, which he moreover fortified with formidable ramparts. In vain each day I challenged him to try the fortune of the field: in vain, by numberless stratagems, I labored to dislodge him from his impregnable post, and allure him into the level plain.

"Meanwhile the pale phantom Terror winged her way through our provinces, and, from the summits of the towers, pronounced aloud the name of Alva. The whole of the Belgic nation seemed to be weighed down with the same chains which bound the limbs of Egmont and Horn: but, far from emulating the magnanimity of those heroes, each individual shrank petrified by the fear of punishment, and astounded by the voice of Fanaticism. Even in my camp, Terror made her appearance, and penetrated to the tents of the Germans. In the midst of them stood the pavilion of Morlin, one of the chiefs of those troops, in whose groveling soul honor gave way to considerations of sordid interest—and who, accustomed to crouch and fawn in the courts of kings, had accompanied me with reluctance. He now assembled his followers, and instigated them to revolt.

"At the approach of the tempest, precursive murmurs of sinister omen are heard to echo from the fathomless abysses of the deep: soon the whitening billows are seen to tower on high, and mutually encounter in dire conflict; and at length the heavens and the main unite their collective rage to swell the tremendous uproar. Thus the German bands proceed from murmurs to tumult—from tumult to ungovernable fury—then, suddenly snatching up their arms, crowd to my pavilion, and surround it with terrific cries.

"I instantly presented myself to their view.—At sight of me, a general calm prevailed through the mutinous host.—'What!' said I—'in this camp, where I expected to find none but heroes, the voice of sedition strikes my ear; and the Germans, who took up arms at my call—who have lately won a bril-

liant triumph want courage to achieve their noble enterprise—and, at the very entrance of the most glorious career, already think of retreating!—The Belgians are closely confined within their fortresses; but in due time they will second our efforts: we are free; nor do we stand in need of aught but our swords and our valour.'

"At these words, they stood astonished, but were not awed into submission. They gave vent to their seditious spirit in long murmurs; and the most daring among them had the audacity to point their swords against my bosom.

(*To be continued.*)

Horrible SUPERSTITION *of the* HINDOOS.

(*Concluded from page* 417.)

I have returned home from witnessing a scene which I shall never forget. At twelve o'clock of this day, being the great day of the feast, the Moloch of Hindoostan was brought out of his temple amidst the acclamations of hundreds of thousands of his worshippers. When the idol was placed on his throne, a shout was raised by the multitude, such as I had never heard before. It continued equable for a few minutes, and then gradually died away. After a short interval of silence, a murmur was heard at a distance; all eyes were turned towards the place, and, behold, a grove advancing. A body of men, having green branches, or palms, in their hands, approached with great celerity. The people opened a way for them; and when they had come up to the throne, they fell down before him that sat thereon, and worshipped. And the multitude again sent forth a voice "like the sound of a great thunder." —But the voices I now heard, were not those of melody or of joyful acclamation; for there is no harmony in the praise of Moloch's worshippers. Their number indeed brought to my mind the countless multitude of the Revelations; but their voices gave no tuneful Hosanna or Hallelujah; but rather a yell of approbation, united with a kind of hissing applause*.—I was at a loss how to account for this latter noise, until I was directed to notice the women; who emitted a sound like that of whistling, with the lips circular and the tongue vibrating: as if a serpent would speak by their organs, uttering human sounds.

The throne of the idol was placed on a stupendous car or tower about sixty feet in height, resting on wheels, which indented the ground deeply, as they turned slowly under the ponderous machine. Attached to it were six cables, of the size and length of a ship's cable, by which the people drew it along. Upon the tower were the priests and satellites of the idol, surrounding his throne. The idol is a block of wood, having a frightful visage painted black, with a distended mouth of a bloody color. His arms are of gold, and he is dressed in gorgeous apparel. The other two idols are of a white and yellow color.—Five elephants preceded the three towers, bearing towering flags, dressed in crimson caparisons, and having bells hanging to their caparisons, which sounded musically as they moved.

I went on in the procession, close by the tower of Moloch; which, as it was drawn with difficulty, "grated on its many wheels harsh thunder." After a few minutes, it stopped; and now the worship of the god began.....

After the tower had proceeded some way, a pilgrim announced that he was ready to offer himself a sacri-

* See Milton's Pandæmonium, Book X.

fice to the idol. He laid himself down in the road before the tower, as it was moving along, lying on his face, with his arms stretched forwards. The multitude passed round him, leaving the space clear, and he was crushed to death by the wheels of the tower. A shout of joy was raised to the god. He is said to smile when the libation of the blood is made. The people threw cowries, or small money, on the body of the victim, in approbation of the deed. He was left to view a considerable time, and was then carried by the Hurries to the Golgotha, where I have just been viewing his remains. How much I wished that the proprietors of India stock could have attended the wheels of Juggernaut, and seen this peculiar source of their revenue!.....

The horrid solemnities still continue. Yesterday a woman devoted herself to the idol. She laid herself down on the road in an oblique direction, so that the wheel did not kill her instantaneously, as is generally the case; but she died in a few hours. This morning, as I passed the Place of Skulls, nothing remained of her but her bones.

And this, thought I, is the worship of the Bramins of Hindoostan! and their worship in its sublimest degree! What then shall we think of their private manners, and their moral principles? For it is equally true of India as of Europe—if you would know the state of the people, look at the state of the temple.

I was surprised to see the Brahmins with their heads uncovered in the open plain falling down in the midst of the Sooders before "the horrid shape," and mingling so complacently with "that polluted cast." But this proved what I had before heard, that so great a god is this, that the dignity of high cast disappears before him. This great king recognises no distinction of rank among his subjects: all men are equal in his presence.......

I beheld another distressing scene this morning at the Place of Skulls; —a poor woman lying dead, or nearly dead, and her two children by her, looking at the dogs and vultures which were near. The people passed by without noticing the children. I asked them where was their home. They said "they had no home but where their mother was."---O! there is no pity at Juggernaut! no mercy, no tenderness of heart in Moloch's kingdom!.....

As to the number of worshippers assembled here at this time, no accurate calculation can be made. The natives themselves, when speaking of the numbers at particular festivals, usually say that a lack of people (100,000) would not be missed. I asked the Brahmin how many he supposed were present at the most numerous festival he had ever witnessed. "How can I tell," said he, "how many grains there are in a handful of sand?".....

The temple of Juggernaut is under the immediate control of the English government, who levy a tax on the pilgrims, as a source of revenue; and the following is an account of the annual expenses of the idol Juggernaut, as presented to the English government, and extracted from the official accounts.

	£. Sterl.
Expenses attending the table of the idol, - - - -	4,514
Ditto of his dress or wearing apparel, - - - - -	339
Ditto of the wages of his servants,	1,259
Ditto of contingent expenses at the different seasons of pilgrimage, - - - - -	1,373
Ditto of his elephants and horses,	378
Ditto of his annual state carriage,	839
	£. 8,702

The French CONSCRIPTION.

(*From Faber's "Sketches of the internal State of France."*)

THE day of drawing is a day of public mourning, and of agony in every family. All labor is abandoned; every one has a melancholy interest in being present at the solemnity. The drawing is performed in the public hall of the town. At the hour appointed, the conscripts assemble; or, in place of the absent, their parents, tutors, delegates, and respondents. The business is performed in the presence of the municipal council, under the presidency of the mayor; and if it is a chief town, the prefect or subprefect assists. The spectator beholds youths, conducted by their parents, overwhelmed with the weight of their calamity; he discovers sometimes mothers at the point of despair, who have accompanied all that they hold most dear in the world. A mournful silence reigns in the hall; not even a breath is heard; a sigh occasionally bursts. The mayor makes a short harangue; the name of each conscript is called; the conscript advances; he stretches out his hand to the urn; the destiny of many is included with his; he draws his own. This lottery of human beings is a horrible game! The prefect who is present, born in another department, has a son, on whom, perhaps, at the same moment, the lot is passing at a distant part of the empire. The subprefect, born in the same department, perhaps also the mayor, behold their sons among the conscripts assembled; the son of the mayor touches the lot, the voice of the father trembles, his eye overflows; nevertheless he must pronounce a speech to inspire courage into the young soldiers. A third part, perhaps, of the members of the municipal council assembled have their sons among the conscripts. The sentiments of nature must remain silent before imperious necessity. The business being finished, the mayor first must raise his voice, with "Long live Bonaparté!" and the military music strikes up a march.—The functionaries present have not always the means of providing substitutes for their sons on whom the lot has fallen. After the drawing, the substitutes are negotiated for. The conscripts who have drawn the first numbers are the first who must enter the ranks; the holders of the higher numbers have somewhat of a better prospect. But, on the very day after the drawing, the series of the numbers is often changed; unexpected cases, desertion chiefly, make large deficiencies. A son had hoped to draw a number which would exempt him from service; the lot having fallen upon him, his parents wish to find a substitute; the expense would ruin them; the son chooses rather to abscond; his parents will pay less by paying the fine, and he hopes one day to see them again, by a change of government. On the frontiers particularly the desertion is sometimes enormous; out of a hundred conscripts, eighty have been found deserters: such has frequently been the case towards the frontiers of Germany, as also towards the frontiers of Italy; nor have examples been wanting towards those of Spain. I have seen the ninety-second, one of the last of the reserve, obliged to make part of the active army. Young men, who often had no other resource in a foreign country than the profession of arms, have preferred a harder service to that of France, from aversion to the cause which it supports; and the French conscription has often furnished a rich harvest to the Austrian army.......

In each department there is a council of recruiting, consisting of the prefect, a superior officer of the department, a major appointed by the minister of war, a recruiting captain, some members in merely a civil capacity, and two physicians. They examine each conscript, to ascertain whether he possesses all the qualities requisite for the military service. With respect to height, five feet (5 feet, 5 inches, English,) only are required, and men even shorter are admitted; if in other respects they have no corporal defect, and are of a vigorous constitution, they are chosen for the species of light troops, called *voltigeurs;* those above five feet may serve in the cavalry or artillery.—Desertions frequently happen on the road; and the substitutes are almost always the deserters. Having at their departure received the premium from those for whom they have engaged to serve, they disappear with it; and the unfortunate conscript whom they represent is again obliged to find a man for the place which has become vacant. The substitute is at the risk of the principal till he has actually joined his colors; it is not till then that the government takes cognisance of the delegated recruit.—The conscripts who do not obey the calls and public summonses to appear, are declared refractory conscripts. That revolutionary term, with all its recollections, and all its terrors, is put in force anew, and revolutionary proceedings are energetically employed. Mayors, officers of police, *gendarmes,* have orders to suspect, to interrogate, and to arrest. All, with the description of the individual in their pocket, must hunt for the refractory conscripts, making sure of all who have the appearance of being the age of the conscription. . . . .

You are traveling. Presently you are stopped. A numerous crowd obstructs the high-way. The clanking of chains—plaintive voices—an escort of cavalry—naked swords—men pale and emaciated, heads shaven, hideously dressed, dragging fetters and cannon-balls, form a shocking procession on the road. Of what atrocious crime, great God! are these miserable wretches guilty, to be reduced to so abject and deplorable a condition?—They are refractory conscripts and deserters, who, collected in the *depôts* in a department, are transported to a fortress in the interior.—As soon as seised, they are carried under a safe escort to the prisons of the district nearest at hand. There they suffer hunger and pain, because the district which ought to subsist them has not wherewithal to satisfy their wants. Happy are they, who, by selling the clothes from their backs, are enabled to alleviate the miseries of their situation. The district must furnish a dress hideous, both in colors and make, of the coarsest materials, resembling that worn by the galley convicts. On a parade day the arrested conscript is brought out before the troop which happens to be at the place standing under arms. The law and his sentence are read to him; and he is declared unworthy to serve. He is stripped of his garments; his head is shaved; he is disfigured by a dress contrived to resemble partly that of a monk under penance, partly that of a convict in the galleys; he has large wooden shoes put on his feet, and a chain, terminated by a heavy ball which he must drag after him, is rivetted to his leg. In this grotesque equipment Bonaparté has contrived to unite all that is calculated to frighten the imagination of a Frenchman, in as far as it presents the exterior of a criminal worthy of the most ignominious punish-

ment; he has combined in it all that is calculated to humble military pride, and torture the sense of shame, by attaching to it the marks and forms which characterise a penitent monk. It is in this costume, and assembled in convoys, that the condemned conscripts are conveyed through France towards the fortresses, where they are employed on public works.

Notices of Sicily.

In the present state of our relations with Sicily, any new information respecting that celebrated island can hardly fail to prove interesting to our readers; for whose gratification, therefore, we have collected the following particulars from a recent publication by Mr. Leckie—an "Historical Survey of the foreign Affairs of Great Britain," &c.

The tribute, which each territory pays, is called the royal patrimony; and the "Tribunal of Patrimony" is the supreme moderator and comptroller of this revenue. It consists of six members, viz. the president, the conservadore generale, who is the king's advocate, and four judges. As this board superintends the king's territorial revenues, so it commands the municipalities of the royal and baronial towns; and, as the property of every individual is implicated either in the one or the other, so it has become a civil court, under the pretence of an authority in what regards the royal interests. In the same manner it has an authority over all ecclesiastical lands, and the copyholds granted thereon by the crown; thus no act whatever with regard to landed property can be done without its cognisance. In the same manner, as all duties on exports and imports (which answer to tonnage and poundage, and which are enforced with all possible rigor) and the exports and imports themselves, interest the royal revenues; so this board has assumed a dictatorial right to command, not by fixed rules or general laws, but by issuing an order or permission on every individual occasion. None of the produce of the country, that is, corn, oil, and some others, as cattle, &c. can be exported without its permission, though the exporter offers to pay the duties. The permission to export hemp is given annually, as an exclusive privilege, to one person in each maritime district; so that the merchant who would export it must not only pay the duties to the king, but a duty to this individual: thus the Tribunal, after obliging the merchant to pay the tax, farms another for their own emolument to the best bidder. With regard to corn, cattle, and oil, the greatest difficulty occurs in the exportation; and a particular order is requisite from Palermo to obtain a permission for the same: to procure this, the trader must bribe through thick and thin. Sometimes the right of exportation is allowed for a short time, and then suddenly stopped; and thus causes the ruin of those who had provided a quantity to ship off. The corn-trade is a monopoly in the hands of the corporations. In order to support them in this abuse, these are invested with an absolute authority to prevent the produce of their district from being carried to a neighbouring town, and to forbid that of another from being admitted into their territory. The privilege of supplying the city of Palermo with oil and cattle is granted to contractors, who exercise every kind of tyranny, as the Tribunal supports them in every measure which they can devise to oblige the holder to sell to a disadvantage; and these gentlemen are in return handsomely complimented by the contractors. . . .

It will be natural to ask, who are the men who compose this board? They are lawyers, whose whole lives having been spent in scenes of the most iniquitous litigation, possess no kind of information on commerce, when they are promoted to this rank; so that all commercial regulations, which with us are fixed by act of parliament, are here left to their absolute will and caprice, to ignorance, and venality. . . . .

The Tribunal of Patrimony annually gives an order, not only to the corporations of the demesne, but also to those of the baronial towns, to provide at harvest a supply sufficient for the whole year; this of course forms a complete monopoly of corn in every part of the kingdom. The jealousy of each corporation in the material concern of provision for the year, causes the most prohibitory orders to be issued in every township.

As the country is very various in its surface, so the abundance of the harvest is often partial; nature generally providing more than sufficient in one district, and leaving but a scanty allowance in another. In the abundant districts, the corporations, after they have obtained enough for their own supply, forbid the exportation of the overplus; the holders of the corn must therefore sell it to the neighbouring districts by stealth, or give a share of their profits to the corporation, which turns the right of prohibition to its own advantage. In the district where the scarcity is felt, the corn for the use of the town is bought at a high price: and when the demand is satisfied as to the quantity required, or that the corporation have a sufficient supply to go on for a time, the holders of corn find means to sell it to the traders in those towns where it is still at a high price. Here begin the endeavours of the corporation to prevent its sale, and the diligence of the merchants to deceive their vigilance; for, should the price of corn fall after the corporation has laid in its stock, they would either not be able to sell at all, or sell at a loss. They are obliged to make up the loss to the Patrimony, or capital of the township, and the Tribunal holds them answerable for the same. In one town, the flour was sold by the corporation for eighteen taris the tumolo, while in the neighbourhood flour of the same quality was distributed at twelve to the people.

Another law is in force in Sicily, with respect to corn, the absurdity and barbarity of which is unknown in any other part of the world, which, however, it has not been possible to get rid of. In every township, with the exception of a very few, the corporation takes an account at harvest, and obliges every farmer, renter, or landholder, to give in a declaration of the quantity of corn his lands have produced; the price of grain is fixed by an assise on the 15th of August; at this price the holder is obliged to deliver in to the corporation the third part of the produce of his estate on demand, notwithstanding the prices may have risen considerably. Sometimes the corporation, after having given permission to the landholder to sell his corn off, saying they had a sufficient quantity, two months after has called upon him for his quota, and he has been obliged to buy the quantity required, late in the season, at a loss of 30 per cent. . . . . . .

In abundant years, the surplus corn which cannot be consumed, and is intended for exportation, is carried to the *caricatorj*, or places destined for a *depôt*. The possessors who then deposit their corn hold it as a joint stock. By an abuse in the

officers who preside over these, it is necessary frequently to transfer the stock from one name to another in the books, otherwise its existence is forgotten or denied, and it becomes lost to the owner. He must then recur to the tribunals in Palermo, where in the space of two or three years, and after he has spent the whole value of the object in dispute, he gains his cause; by that time the officers of the *caricatorj* have been changed or dismissed, and their successors do not hold themselves answerable for the malversations of their predecessors, though these very *caricatorj* are under the faith of the crown; and thus the farmer or merchant is reduced to beggary......

No land-tax whatever is imposed on the great landholders, who are thus exempt: and those fiefs, which have no town or village in them, are also exempt. The royal town in whose territory these are situated assesses them in the following manner. A calculation is made of what land is cultivated and grazed; of course what number of people are variously employed on the estate. From this another estimate is made of the quantity of bread consumed annually in it. This is called *consumo*; and the renter pays the amount according to this assessment. Besides these, there is a tax called *il pelo*, which is levied on all cattle bought and sold. There is also a duty on the cheese which is manufactured; and these duties fall on the husbandman, as he is forced to indemnify the renter for the money advanced on the consumption of flour. He also pays it on his cheese; and also on the ox which he buys to till his ground; while the lord who receives the revenue is exempted. The duty on the *macina*, or grinding of corn, is the principal source of revenue in Sicily; all flour which comes in from the mills pays at the gate of the city. In those places where the farmers make their own bread, they are obliged to pay a tax which, as above observed, is called *il consumo*, which is a commutation for the flour excise duty, and is farmed out. The farmers of the tax go from house to house to examine the bread which the unfortunate husbandman makes; and he who should sell a loaf to a hungry traveler would subject himself to fine and imprisonment.

The parliament of Sicily consists of three houses, viz. the barons or lords, and such only as possess fiefs, including within their limits a town or burg. A baron has as many votes in the assembly as he has villages or towns on his various estates. The next is the ecclesiastical assembly consisting of archbishops, bishops, the heads of monastic orders possessing lands, abbots, &c. &c. Next in order follows the demesnial house, or the representatives of the towns of the royal demesne; but there are no provincial representatives, nor are any of the baronial towns represented. There are no elections for members in the towns, nor have the inhabitants any share in choosing the deputy. The corporation nominates him, and he is in general their attorney in Palermo Thus a single man is often representative for several different places at once; and as these men are lawyers dependent on the nobles, the house of representatives is never convened; but its vote is obtained as a matter of form. The parliament of Sicily has no legislative power, and the only influence it has therein is by the usage of tacking laws to money bills, to which the assent of the crown is obtained as a favor, in consideration of the supplies granted; nor do the members possess the right of deliberating, or discussing the measures of go-

vernment, as in England. As all taxes are laid on for three years, the parliament is convened at the end of that period, to renew the old supplies, or grant new ones, in case the necessities of the government require it. . . . .

Of the younger branches of the noble families few individuals have entered into the army, the officers for the most part consisting of an inferior class of inhabitants of Palermo, and other cities and towns. Among these are mixed Neapolitans, Swiss, Greek, and Italian adventurers. As the pay they receive is trifling, they cannot appear like gentlemen; hence the envy and hatred they bear to our troops, among whom opulence and splendor are so conspicuous. In such a state, the military profession can scarcely be in high repute; and such men can hardly feel either the stimulus of professional ambition or the charms of glory. The discipline of the troops is in consequence much neglected, while the contractors for provisioning the army reduce the soldier to a very miserable state. The officers know their inferiority to ours, and give us their hatred on account; and we may venture to say, that almost the whole of the Neapolitan and Sicilian officers would prefer joining the French, to defending their sovereign in conjunction with the British army. Their recent behaviour in Calabria, under the prince of Hesse, has fully evinced the truth of this opinion.

As soon as the son of a nobleman is old enough to be taken out of the hands of the nurse, a priest is hired to teach him his letters, to give him the rudiments of writing, and to attend him when he is out walking. As the salary allowed to this tutor is from sixty to a hundred dollars per annum, and his board, it is not likely a man of learning will undertake the drudgery of this office. It sometimes happens too that he acts as house-steward, and is even the confident of the master or mistress in their amours. If he has some humour, he becomes the butt for every one to pass their jokes upon; familiar with the heads of the family, he is also the confessor and spiritual comforter of all the servants. Under such a preceptor, the young nobility of Sicily learn to write and read, with some rudiments of the Latin tongue; but a principal part of their education consists of religious doctrines. . . . . When they are old enough to be sent to college, they are again put under the direction of priests, who teach them theology, the history of the saints, a smattering of the Roman history, but not one science which can be of use to them. When a lad is arrived at fourteen or fifteen, he comes home to his parents, where he enters into the routine of *elegant* society at Palermo. The females are kept in a convent till they are married, whence they sometimes come out without knowing their letters; and there are many women of the first rank who can neither read nor write.

The middling ranks of people mostly live on the fruits of their small farms, and by renting the larger estates of the nobility. All classes inhabit towns and villages, and there is scarcely an example of a family above the meanest rank living in the country. Of course rural economy is at its lowest ebb. We do not find the simplicity of manners to be met with in those nations which have a contrary usage. From the manner in which the government treats its subjects, these naturally acquire much low cunning and selfishness. No traits of generosity, no public-spirited ideas, no thought of general

improvement, and but few of the refinements of life, are discovered in them, and they are totally strangers to the literature of the continent. Marriages are contracted by interest alone, and often a girl comes out of a convent to be a bride when she has hardly seen her intended husband; of course little or no domestic happiness, and less virtue: fasting and religious observances make up for all deficiencies; and when the Sicilian is not endeavouring to overreach his neighbour, he is either at his devotions in a church, or following some scandalous intrigue. In a word, he possesses the vices of a civilised people, without their virtues; the defects of a barbarian, without that courage and candor which can alone make up for the rudeness of his state. All this results from the corrupt administration of justice, the stupidity and ignorance of the clergy*, and the total want of public education. . . . .

As it has been seen that there is no free trade, so there is no object for the industry of the poor; and as the corporation, if they lose by the corn they buy, must make it up to the public capital, so, in times of scarcity, all attempts to alleviate the distresses of the poor by the methods employed in England, are here contrary to the laws, destructive to the corporations, and of course impracticable; for, should the senate permit others to sell cheaper than themselves, the public capital would suffer, nor would the Tribunal of Patrimony pass their accounts. Here are then, in one point of view, the defects of the public economy, the absolute impossibility of manufactures, and the misery and ruin of the people. In Sicily and Spain this system obtains; and it is from this source that all the sordid beggary results which distinguishes these countries from the rest of the world. The people groan under the most oppressive monopolies; those articles of primary necessity which are objects of commerce and gain to the lower orders, are here the only sources of public revenue. In a certain port of Sicily, some years since, when the poor were literally dying of hunger in consequence of the scarcity of bread, a Danish vessel arrived laden with corn; it was proposed to sell a part of the cargo, as damaged, at a low price to the poor; to execute this was, however, impossible, the senate alleging that they had enough, and that the patrimony would suffer. They received official letters of approbation from the Tribunal of Patrimony at Palermo, and, after all, finished by buying the same corn at the low price before fixed on it: it was afterwards sold as dear as all the rest to the inhabitants.

It is necessary to say a few words on the courts of justice, civil and criminal. Of the first there are two, viz. the Tribunal Consistoro, and the Gran Corte. In each of these a lawsuit may be heard five times over, and the last decision is generally given in such undefined and equivocal terms, that it often is the cause of a fresh suit. The barefaced manner in which the judges sport with the happiness and property of the subject, must excite the indignation of every honest mind. The judge receives private visits from both parties, who go to inform his worship on the cause, and they are not con-

* Of the clergy, whether secular or regular, all orders are, with few exceptions, illiterate, ignorant, and immoral. Miracles and noisy declamations, addressed to the passions of the hearers, with a view to excite their indignation against heretics, form the principal topics of the sermons given from the pulpit.

fronted until it is brought to a public hearing, when there is so much falsehood to sift and disembroil, and the cause which was at first clear and simple, has become so puzzled, that it seems impossible to decide it. This occasions the necessity of putting off the hearing; and the judge at last decides by sending a written sentence, not from the tribunal where he sits, but from his own house; nor is it made public but by report. Hence it has not the effect of a decision pronounced in full court, and gives to the judge the facility of deciding rather according to his present interest than his own conscience.

The salaries of the judges are trifling, and the fees are multiplied by the length of the suit; so that litigation is calculated here to ruin all, and vindicate none. Many law-suits finish by a compromise between the parties, where the power and influence are nearly equal; when not so, the weakest must be cast.

In criminal cases, evidences are not taken as with us; a criminal sometimes remains in prison till he and his offence are totally forgotten, and the torture is still used to make him confess. The ordinary custom is to bind both the wrists together so tight as to stop the circulation, or to put the criminal into an arched dungeon, where, if he does not confess, or die in a few days, he gets off as innocent.

Notices of French Manners *and* Customs.

An observant and intelligent American traveler—Lieut. Colonel Pinkney—in a late tour through France, made the following observations, which we extract from his publication, for the entertainment of our fair readers.

In substantial provision and accommodation, the French inns are not a whit inferior to English of the same degree; but they are inferior to them in all the minor appendages. In point of eating and drinking, the French inns infinitely exceed the English: their provisions are of a better kind, and are much cheaper; we scarcely slept any-where, where we could not procure fowls of all kinds, eggs, and wine. It is too true, indeed, that their mode of cooking is not very well suited to an English palate; but a very little trouble will remedy this inconvenience. The French cooks are infinitely obliging in this respect—they will take your instructions, and thank you for the honor done them. The dinner, moreover, when served up, will consist of an infinite variety, and that without materially swelling the bill. Add to this the dessert, of which an English innkeeper, except in the most expensive hotels, has not a single idea. In France, on the other hand, in the poorest inns, in the most ordinary hedge ale-house, you will have a dessert of every fruit in season, and always tastily and even elegantly served. The wine, likewise, is better than what is met with on the roads in England. In the article of beds, with a very few exceptions, the French inns exceed the English: if a traveler carry his sheets with him, he is always secure of an excellent hair matrass, or, if he prefer it, a clean feather-bed. On the other side, the French inns are certainly inferior to the English in their apartments. The bed-room is too often the dining-room. The walls are merely whitewashed, or covered with some execrable pictures. There are no such things as curtains, or at least they are never considered as necessary. Their is neither soap, water, nor towel, to cleanse your-

self when you rise in the morning. A Frenchman has no idea of washing himself before he breakfasts. The furniture, also, is always in the worst possible condition. We were often puzzled to contrive a tolerable table: the one in most common use is composed of planks laid across two stools or benches. The chairs are usually oak, with perpendicular backs. There are no bells, and the attendants are more frequently male than female, though this practice is gradually going out of vogue. There is a great change, moreover, of late years, in the civility of the landlords; they will now acknowledge their obligations to you, and not, as formerly, treat you as intruders. To sum up the comparison between a French and English provincial inn, the expenses for the same kind of treatment, allowing only for the national differences, are about one forth of what they would be in England. In the course of our tour, we were repeatedly detained for days together at some of the inns on the road; and our whole suite, amounting to seven in number, never cost us more than at the rate of an English guinea a day. In England, I am confident it would have been four times the sum.......

In the ordinary construction of a French chateau, there is a greater consumption of wood than brick, and no sparing of ground. It is usually a rambling building, with a body, wings, and again wings upon those wings; and flanked on each side with a pigeon-house, stables, and barns, the pigeon-house being on the right, and the barns and stables on the left. The decorations are infinitely beneath contempt; painted weather-cocks and copper turrets, and even the paint apparently as ancient as the chateau. The windows are numerous: but even in the best chateaus there is strange neglect as to the broken glass; sometimes they are left as broken, but more frequently patched with paper, colored silk, or even stuffed with linen. The upper tier of windows, even in the front of the house, is usually ornamented with the clothes of the family hanging out to dry, a piece of slovenliness and ill taste for which there can assuredly be no excuse in the country, where there is surely room enough for this part of household business. Upon the whole, the appearance of a French chateau, in the old style, resembles one of those deserted houses which are sometimes seen in England, where the plaster has been peeled or is peeling off, and where every boy that passes throws his stone at the windows. The pleasure-grounds attached to the chateau, very exactly correspond with its style: the chateau is usually built in the worst possible site of the whole estate. It generally stands in some meadow or lawn, and precisely in that part of it which is the natural drain of the whole, and where, if there was no house, there would necessarily be a horse-pond. A grand avenue, planted on each side with noble trees, leads up to the house, but is usually so overgrown with moss and weeds, as to convey a most uncomfortable feeling of cold, dampness, and desolation. The grass of the lawn is equally foul, and every thing of dirt and rubbish is collected under the windows in front. The gardens behind are in the same execrable state: gravel-walks over-run with moss and weeds: flower-beds ornamented with statutes of leaden Floras, painted Mercurys, and Dians with milk-pails. Every yard almost salutes you with some similar absurdity. The hedges are shaped into peacocks, and not unfrequently into

ladies and gentlemen dancing a minuet. Pillars of cypress, and pyramids of yew, terminate almost every walk, and if there is a hollow in the garden, it is formed into a muddy pond, in which half a dozen nymphs in stone are about to plunge.....

Almost every chateau has a certain number of fish-ponds, and a certain quantity of woodland; and these are considered as such necessary appendages, that a house is scarcely regarded as habitable without them. The table of a French gentleman is almost solely supplied from his land. Having a plenty of poultry, fish, and rabbits, he gives very little trouble to his butcher. Hence in many of the villages meat is not to be had, and even in large towns the supply bears a very small proportion to what would seem to be the natural demand of the population......

One distinction of French and English visiting I must not omit. In England, if any one comes from any distance to visit the family of a friend, he of course takes his dinner, and perhaps his supper, but is then expected to return home. Unless he is a brother or uncle, and not even always then, he must not expect to have a bed. To remain day after day for a week or a fortnight, would be considered as an outrage. On the other hand, in France, a family no sooner comes to its chateau for the summer (for ince the revolution this has become the fashion), than preparation is immediately made for parties of visitors. Every day brings some one, who is never suffered to go, as long as he can be detained. Every chateau thus becomes a pleasant assemblage; and in riding, walking, and fishing, nothing can pass more agreeably than a French summer in the country. As we passed along, we met several of these parties in their morning rides; they invariably addressed us, and very frequently invited us to their houses, though perfectly strangers to us. The mode of living in these country residences differs very little from what is common in the same rank of life in England. The breakfast consists of tea, coffee, fruits, and cold meat. The dinner is usually at two o'clock, and is served up as in England. The French, however, have not as yet imitated the English habit of sitting at table. Coffee in a saloon or pavilion, fronting the garden and lawn, immediately follows the dinner: this consumes about two hours. The company then divide into parties, and walk. They return about eight o'clock to tea. After tea they dance till supper. Supper is all gaiety and gallantry, and the latter perhaps of a kind which in England would not be deemed very innocent. The Champagne then goes round, and the ladies drink as much as the gentlemen, that is to say, enough to exhilarate, not to overwhelm the animal spirits. A French woman, with three or four glasses of wine in her head, would certainly make an English one stare: but France is the land of love; and it is a universal maxim, that life is insipid without it.

Anecdote of Lucien Bonaparté.

When the Duke D'Enghien was seised, Lucien, who well knew Napoleon's intention of putting him to death, felt desirous to prevent it, and, for that purpose, repaired to the Tuilleries. He obtained an audience of his brother, and remonstrated against a deed which would at once shock the moral feeling of mankind, and stamp eternal disgrace on the name of Bonaparté. He used every argument which his ingenuity

could devise; he spoke in the glowing language of humanity and honor; but Napoleon remained inflexible, and he was obliged to retire without effecting his purpose. As a last resource, Lucien went to his mother, roused her feelings against the atrocious deed, and urged her to employ her whole art of persuasion to avert it. The old lady without delay hastened to the palace, and presenting herself before her son, fell down on one knee. She conjured him by his regard for his family, and by his affection for his mother, to spare the life of the duke; she also conjured him by the honor of the French nation, and by his own glory, to grant her request. He respectfully raised her up, and told her that he could not grant her request, because reasons of state, which she could not comprehend, prescribed to him his conduct. Lucien, when he learned the unfavorable issue of his mother's application, flew again to the Tuilleries, rushed into the presence of his brother, and upbraided him in severe language.—Napoleon became equally incensed—Lucien seised him by the collar—a general in waiting separated them—Lucien gave up the contest.—"I quit France," said he, as he was about to retire; "for I will not live under a man who disgraces himself at once as a son, by his want of affection, and as a man by his cruelty. You will render every man," continued he, addressing his brother, "your enemy; and the day may approach when, like a second Nero, you will be dragged through the streets of Paris." Lucien and his mother, next day, set out for Italy, where they took up their residence. Napoleon repeatedly urged them to return; but his solicitations were ineffectual. The pope at length overcame the old lady's resolution; but his spiritual counsels had no effect on Lucien.

Remains of VOLTAIRE.

(*Continued from page 333.*)

THE spirit of cavilling is not satisfied with asserting that mankind degenerate; it pretends also that they diminish. It is evident, however, that the human species increases. Europe is more populous, and its inhabitants have more rectitude, than when they were almost wholly barbarous.

Happiness is an accident of the soul; consequently cannot be durable. It is an abstract name, composed of certain ideas of pleasure.

This day, 23d of June, 1754, Dom Calmet asked me what news. I told him that Madame de Pompadour's daughter was dead. "And who is Madame de Pompadour?" said he. . . . *Felix errore suo!* (Happy in his ignorance!)

Observe the mean jealousy of men of letters: a clerk of the council writes a bad book, it is pronounced excellent; a brother author writes a good one, it is pronounced execrable.

Good company is a dispersed, republic, some of whose members one occasionally meets with.

(*To be continued.*)

MEDLEY

of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

How to write Love-Letters.—Madame de Genlis, in her "*Histoire des Femmes Françaises*," &c. relates, that, a dispute having arisen in a domestic circle of ladies and gentlemen, whether it were more proper for a lover to write to his mistress in verse or in prose; and the parties being un-able to determine which of the two modes of writing was the more indicative of affection, it was finally agreed to refer the decision to the Marchioness de Tibergeau, then in her eightieth year. The old lady was at this moment asleep in her

bed: but, being awaked to decide the important question, she immediately called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote the following extempore answer, *of which we hope some of our poetic readers will favor us with a translation, or imitation.*

Non! ce n'est point en vers qu'un tendre amour s'exprime:
Il ne doit point rêver pour trouver ce qu'il dit.
Et tout arrangement de mesure et de rime
Ote toujours au cœur ce qu'il donne à l'esprit.

Antiquarian Cookery.—In the same work, an anecdote is related of the famous Madame Dacier, a learned lady, well known in the literary world for her valuable translations of several Greek and Latin authors, and also for her editions of some of the classics for the use of the Dauphin, grandson of Louis XIV. which she published at the express command of the Duke de Montausier, the young prince's governor.---Madame Dacier and her husband, in reading Athenæus, an ancient Greek writer, found some curious recipe in cookery, which they determined to try. Accordingly they did try it: but---whether the incorrectness or obscurity of the Greek text led them into any error respecting the ingredients or the mode of combining them---or whether French stomachs were incapable of digesting Grecian messes---the result was, that they were both nearly poisoned by the experiment.---Madame de Genlis jocosely adds, that, if they *had* lost their lives on the occasion, they would no doubt, have gloried in that scientific and classical mode of death!

Spartan Temperance.—Madame Dacier's cookery naturally reminds us of the ancient Spartan cookery, and Spartan temperance.—At Sparta, as we learn from history, the elders were very temperate, and contented themselves, at their meals, with a certain species of *black broth*, or *gravy*, leaving the solid meat for the young men.—Canting, hypocritical knaves! When their stomachs were no longer able to digest substantial food, they boiled the meat to rags, and extracted from it all the strength and substance, till they produced a fine, rich, high-colored gravy-soup, fit for any modern London Epicure — leaving nothing for the poor young fellows' dinners, but the juiceless, tasteless residue, which *we* would give to our cats and dogs.—Rare temperance! like that of the Irishman, who, having met with an accident in consequence of intoxication with whiskey, made a solemn vow never more to taste of that dangerous liquor—and who strictly kept his vow, by never afterwards drinking any other liquor than brandy!

Superstition.—A village in Upper Silesia having been for several weeks during the late season without rain, as it well might be, as not a drop had fallen in any part of the country, the inhabitants took it into their heads that this long drought was a punishment from heaven, on account of the female part of that community having continued their usual labors during ember week. It was resolved, that, as an expiation for this heinous sin, all the females of the village should perform ablution in an adjacent pond. There was accordingly a general muster of the fair sex, who deprecated the vengeance of the Deity, by taking the cold bath, in the presence of an immense number of spectators.—Three old women, who did not attend at the time and place appointed, have been ever since considered as witches.

Suffocation.—A man, who had

been struck senseless by the noxious vapor in a deep well at Leeds on the 20th of August, and was with difficulty recovered, has described the operation of the vapor on him, as an instantaneous and irresistible inclination to sleep: he sunk into a death-like state with as much composure and freedom from pain, as people usually sink to rest. When at the bottom of the well, all sensation was extinct: but, when beginning to revive, his feelings were like those of a person recovering from extreme intoxication: and so powerful were the effects of the vapor which he had inhaled, that it was several days before he was in a perfectly collected state of mind.

Vaccination.—Don Francisco de Salazar, a deputy from South America to the Spanish Cortes, has reported that vaccination has been practised at Lima with such energy and success, that, during the last twelve months, there had occurred, not only no death, but no case of small-pox: that the new-born children of all ranks are carried to the vaccinating-house as regularly as to the baptismal font; that the small-pox is entirely extinguished in Peru, and nearly so in Chili; and this without any compulsory interference on the part of government.

Snakes.—Two live snakes are advertised for exhibition—the one between seven and eight feet long, weighing about one hundred weight—the other above twelve feet long, and weighing upwards of two hundred.

Paper Roofs.—A Mr. Loudon has just published a pamphlet, describing a mode of roofing houses with paper, which has been practised with success.

The Gout Medicine of Mr. Husson has been discovered by Mr. Moore, the surgeon. A bottle of the *Eau Medicinale* consists of a drachm and a half of the wine of white hellebore, and half a drachm of vinous laudanum. Mr. Moore has shown that Mr. Husson took the idea from Pliny; and his composition has the taste, the smell, and the precise effects of the French medicine. This is a valuable discovery, as, instead of *ten shillings*, a bottle will cost only *two-pence.*

Brewery.—Quantity of strong beer brewed by the twelve principal houses in London, between the 5th July, 1810, and the 5th July, 1811.

	Barrels.		Barrels
Barclay,	264,105	Combe, -	81,761
Meux, -	220,094	Brown and Parry,	72,367
Hanbury,	142,179	Elliott, -	58,042
Whitbread,	122,316	Taylor, -	46,222
Calvert,	105,887	Clowes, -	36,872
H. Meux,	103,152		
Goodwyn,	85,181		

Quantity of Ale brewed in the London district, by the eight principal houses, between the 5th of July, 1810, and the 5th of July, 1811:—

	Barrels.		Barrels.
Stretton, -	23,063	Thorp, -	8,502
Charrington,	18,954	Hale, -	8,033
Wyatt, -	14,019	Davies, -	7,992
Goding -	11,202	Webb, -	7,062

Crimes.—From a return made to the House of Commons, of the number of commitments for trial during five years, it appears, that, in London and Middlesex alone, the numbers have been—

In	Committed.	Indicted.	Convicted.
1805	980	951	558
1806	899	855	475
1807	1017	980	542
1808	1110	1074	619
1809	1242	1197	750

In this table the gradual increase of crimes and convictions for the last three years is very remarkable; and the evil may be traced to the pressure of the times; for it is under the head of *Larceny* that the increase of crimes is chiefly to be found.

London Morning and Evening DRESSES.

1. *Morning dress.*—A Pelisse of blue sarsenet trimmed with broad velvet of the same color. A hat of white satin turned up one side; a flower in the front.

2. *Evening or Ball dress*—Of yellow sarsnet trimmed with satin of the same color: a turban cap of satin covered with crape, all of the same color, ornamented with a flower; a shawl agreeable to fancy.

BOUTS-RIMÉS,

or Ends of Verses, to be completed in any metre, and on any subject, at the writer's option—to be empl yed either in the same order as here given, or in any other that may be found more convenient—and with or without any additional rhimes of the writer's own choice.

Strain, Chain—Arms, Alarms—Field, Yield——Blood, Flood——Mourn, Torn—Fires, Spires—Foe, Low—Rise, Prize.

Any approved Completions, which may have reached us by the fifteenth of December, *shall appear on the first of* January.

POETRY.

To S. M. S

In return for a LOCK *of her* HAIR.

By Miss ELIZABETH BAXTER, *Newington.*

THANKS, dearest friend — ten thousand thanks receive,
For that fair lock of thy resplendent hair!
Near to my heart the precious gift shall live,
And, with its owner, ever flourish there.

Thy darling image twines around my heart,
And holds its slave in voluntary chains.
E'en this, this gift can magic joys impart,
And call to mind our pleasures past, or pains.

Whene'er my eyes with growing transport glance
On that dear token of Maria's love,
The lambent spark (enrapt) I see advance;
And friendship's glowing fires my bosom move.

Long as my breast with vital warmth shall beat,
And soft'ning passions animate my mind,
There shall thy name for ever find a seat,
Nor time nor absence break what love has join'd.

In thy Eliza, thou may'st see a friend,
Whose love no change from time or absence knows;
Whose faith would scorn alike to break or bend,
But from the heart in streams eternal flows.

CONTENT.

By Miss C. C. RICHARDSON, *Hinderwell.*

IN this restless disquiet how long shall we rove?
For ever in search of true happiness bent,
We say that the pleasures of life we would prove:—
Let us strive with ourselves then to rest in content.

What, though we are poor, and though humble our state,
Though small is the portion that heaven has sent?
We are free from the ills that attend on the great,
And, in spite of blind Fortune, may still be content.

Each rub, that through life on frail mortals attends,
And which all human foresight can never prevent,
'Tis surely for good that kind Providence sends:
And with this, like the rest, we may still be content.

If with riches we're blest, and the comforts of life
Kind heav'n in abundance upon us has sent,
All the pleasures that earth can afford, we enjoy:
Then surely with this we may well be content.

Whate'er be my station in life's rugged way,
Should Fortune desert me, I ne'er will lament.
Should misfortunes attend me, my conscience is free;
And I hope I shall always be blest with content.

Engraved for the Lady's Magazine.

London Fashionable Walking & Evening or Ball Dress.

1811.

Sonnet to the SWALLOW.

By the Lady to whom we are indebted for our Novel of "The BROTHERS."

BY Spring's first sun-beam, from her wint'ry rest, [low hies
Lo! wak'd to toil, th' industrious swal-
To seek a shelter for her clayey nest,
And cull the soil that fit cement sup-plies.

She cleaves the air with steady speed, and gay
Inhales its fragrance as she flies along;
Sips, as she skims the river, on her way;
Nor loiters she its bord'ring sweets among.

The dwelling form'd, her young ones forth she brings; [rears,
With anxious busy care the brood she
Guides them awhile, to try their unskill'd wings, [appears.
Then ends her destin'd task, and dis-

Ah! it is thus that instinct wings her way,
While loit'ring reason wastes life's pre-cious day.

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for August.*

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

OH! for a spark of that wild innate *fire* [*inspire!*
That erst did Shakspeare's glowing breast
Immortal Shakspeare! Nature's poet! *born*
Eliza's reign and Britain's isle t' *adorn*;
Whom Fancy lent her daring wing, to *soar*,
And all the secrets of her realm *explore!*
Whom Genius gave to form the moral *page*,
And hold the faithful mirror to the *age!*
Romantic wish! In vain I strive to *sing*;
In vain, untaught, I woo the trembling *string*,
And fondly hope my Muse's artless *lays*,
Some future day, may win a sprig of *bays.*— [*flight*;
Friendless, alas! she takes her humble
And critic frowns her op'ning prospects *blight.* [my *doom*,
To tread life's maze unknown, must be
And steal unnotic'd to the silent *tomb!*

Another.—The POET, *by* J. M. L.

SOME youthful poet fancies he has *fire*,
That Genius gives her aid to form his *lays*;
And hopes he may a tasteless age *inspire*
With genuine zeal for those who wear the *bays.*

Then rhimes to rhimes he tacks—an end-less *string*— [*soar*,
And thinks to inspiration's fount to
'Mid the bright stars of poesy to *sing*,
And unknown realms of rapture to *explore.*

But soon he finds the world neglects his *page*; [*flight*;
And storms surround him in his fervid
He execrates an undiscerning *age*;
But keenly feels neglect's untimely *blight.*

Sorrowing now he finds he was not *born*
To charm, instruct, and lead,—but fill a *tomb!*—
Thus sinks the man, who hop'd he might *adorn*, [*doom!*
A wretched victim of Despair's dark

Another, by W. H.—*Address to the* MUSE.

ATTRACTIVE Muse of ardent glowing *fire*, [*inspire!*
Oh! guide my pen, and all my song
For, though my verse be weak, unlike the *lays* [sian *bays*,
That warm the heart, and claim Parnas-
Yet am I bound in the poetic *string*,
And captive to mechanic words I *sing!*
I would not ask above my pow'rs to *soar*,
Nor can I hope Parnassus to *explore*:
But much I love to see the moral *page*
Bear, from my pen, the efforts of my *age*.
Yes, much I love the sweet poetic *flight*:
But soon, ah! soon, my pow'r will feel a *blight!* [*born*;—
To-day I live, and Fancy's flow'r is
To-morrow die, and flow'rs my grave *adorn!*
Then, O my Muse! upon my humble *tomb* [*doom*.
Hang dewy garlands, and lament my

Another, by G. J.

The MUSE *to the* POET.

I'LL fill thy soul with ardent *fire*,
That thou shalt other bards *inspire*;
And, for thy soft and rural *lays*,
Thy brows I'll deck with crown of *bays*.
E'en should thy lyre e'er want a *string*,
H * * * * * shall yet have pow'r to *sing*
His strains melodious, and to *soar*,
Parnassian beauties to *explore*,
To decorate the glowing *page*,
The first in this poetic *age!*
Yet Genius, in her loftiest *flight*,
Like tender plants, may feel a *blight*.
Among Parnassian sons, are *born*
Some few, whose talents might *adorn*
The sculptur'd beauties of the *tomb*,
Where splendid talents meet their *doom*.

Another, by EDMUND ROSE.

To APOLLO.

WHO'S he, whose thoughts with magic *fire*,
Great god of verse, thou wilt *inspire?*
Instruct him, as he pens the *lays*,
That crown his honor'd head with *bays.*—
Whether he sweep the frolic *string*
That loves in playful strains to *sing*,
Or bid his loftier Muse to *soar*,
The hero's martial deeds t' *explore*—
Yet shall thy fav'rite's classic *page*
At once instruct and please the *age*;
Securely Genius take his *flight*,
Fearless of Envy's cank'ring *blight*.
Where'er the poet shall be *born*,
A nation's annals to *adorn*—
How soon—whate'er may be his *doom*—
His fame shall live beyond the *tomb.*

Another, by J. C.—*To his own* SOUL.

CANST thou, my soul, inspir'd with sacred *fire*,
With cold indiff'rence treat the holy *lays?*
Forget thy Saviour, who did Paul *inspire*
To crown the nations with the heav'nly *bays?*

'Twas he that turn'd thy heart, and touch'd the *string*
That caus'd thy passions thus in love to *sing*;
To leave the world behind, and upward *soar*,
To join the song of saints—their theme *explore.*

Oh! come, my soul! and read the sacred *page*:
Transport thyself from earth in fancy's *flight*;
Look! here are wonders, which the latest *age*
Can ne'er destroy, nor time can ever *blight!*

Blest be the day when Christ the Lord was *born!*
Salvation shall my soul through him *adorn*,
Though time with me is short, and the cold *tomb*
Shall be my earthly, not eternal, *doom.*

Imitation of the French Epigram given in our Magazine for August.
By E. C.

WE honor Virtue, as we honor queens:
Her worth, her mildness, interest our hearts:
But awe, more cold than int'rest, intervenes,
And chills the sympathy which zeal imparts:
One timidly draws near; the other backward starts.

Another, by W. E. *junior.*

We look on Virtue as a queen:—
Though her attractions all must own;
Yet, aw'd by her illustrious mien,
We never dare approach her throne.

Imitation of the French Epigram given in our last Number.

HOPE.—*By* SIVAD.

MISERY is man's constant plaint:
"His destiny is nought but sorrow!"—
He lives—let hope be ne'er so faint—
And trusts he'll happier be to-morrow.

Impromptu, on being requested to write something on the fourth Anniversary of a Child's BIRTH-DAY.

By ANONYMOUS, *N. Petherton.*

Ah! what can I for Tommy say,
To celebrate his natal day?—
I'll wish—though wishing's vain—
As careless, innocent, and gay,
May four more years still glide away;
And then I'll wish again.

Charade.

My first is oft uncivil reckon'd;
And in all places may be found my second.
The thief's oft frighted, when my whole he hears:
The coward fights me, but the hero fears.

Enigma.

Bloody Mary had none:
Queen Bess had a pair:
The fairest has one,
But not so the fair.

The LEGITIMATE SON; *a Tale.*
By Mr. ELTON, *author of "Tales of Romance."*

ROME'S empress pale on her death-bed lay,
And her lips and forehead were cold as clay;
"O emperor! hear—three sons are mine;
But one of the three alone is thine."

Eufemian dropp'd the scalding tear,
And his brow was bath'd in the dew of fear;
"Thy crime, Theodora, shall pardon gain,
But speak! that my true-born son may reign."

The empress gaz'd with a ghastly eye,
And her bosom heav'd a deep drawn sigh;
But a mother's love was strong in death,
And speechless she yielded up her breath.

On his death-bed soon Rome's emperor lay,
And his lips and forehead were cold as clay:

" Jerusalem's king shall fill my throne,
Till that my true-born son be known."

Jerusalem's king the mandate gave;
They raise the corse from its new-made
grave; [stand,
With arrows and bows the sons must
And the sceptre shall gift the truest hand.

The princes the shrouded monarch see
At distance bound to a plantane-tree:
With steady aim the eldest stands,
And the bowstring twangs in his nervous
hands.

In the forehead cold of the breathless
corse
The arrow quivers with cleaving force;
Then forth from the throng the second
came,
And wary stood with an archer's aim.

He drew the bow with rebounding twang,
Through the whistling air the arrow
sang;
As the lightning swift, that bearded dart
Was lodg'd in the lifeless monarch's
heart.

Jerusalem's king then turn'd to know
Why the youngest prince came loitering
slow;
But with sobs and cries that rent the ear,
That youthful prince stood weeping near.

The dart and bow to his grasp were
giv'n, [heav'n;
But his eyes in horror were rais'd to
He trampled the bow, and he snapp'd the
dart—
" Ah! shall I pierce my father's heart?"

Jerusalem's king from his throne stept
down, [crown;
On the youngest's brows he plac'd the
" Untouch'd shall the corse of thy father
be
By the hand of his son; for thou art he!"

The STATUE *of* VENUS.

(*From Shee's " Elements of Art."*)

WITH modest mien the sov'reign beauty
stands, [mands,
And seeks to shun the homage she com-
Averts her face with such a timid air,
The marble seems to burn in blushes
there; [fold
While grace and ease in ev'ry limb un
The Paphian fair that fir'd the world of
old
Each charm divine that Nature's stores
supply, [eye;
To fire the poet's thought or painter's
Whate'er of love's Elysium fancy views,
Or Heav'n unfolds in vision to the Muse,
The curious artist caught, with care
combin'd, [refin'd,
Fix'd as he found, and, as he wrought,
Till, rapt, the wave's proud offspring he
outvies,
And bids a rival from the rock arise.
When Nature, watchful of the process,
view'd
A form so lovely, from a mass so rude;
When, in the wond'rous work, she saw
her own
By art outdone, and e'en excell'd in stone,
Amaz'd, she paus'd—confess'd the con-
qu'ring fair, [tion there.
Set her bright seal, and stamp'd perfec-
Yet while we view those beauties which
might move [love,
Immortal breasts, and warm a world to
No coarse emotions rise, no vulgar fires
Profane the sacred passion she inspires;
Each sense, refin'd to rapture as we gaze,
Like heav'n's pure angels, finds its bliss
in praise.

The HERMIT.

(*From " Romance, a Poetical Capriccio."*)

" FATHER," methought I seem'd to say,
" Man is the being of a day!
His years are number'd; few can tell
How long the beating pulse shall swell,—
How long this perishable frame
Shall inly glow, and glow the same.
Perhaps to morrow's coming dawn,
That lights the dew-drop on the lawn,
This form, replete with life, shall see
The wreck of mere mortality.
Here, then, remote from human strife,
From jarring din of busy life,
'Twere sweet to banish worldly pain,
And breathe to Heav'n some holy strain,
The hymn of gratitude to raise,
Ask pow'r to thank, and skill to praise."
" Son," said the hermit, " man is
frail;
His fears augment, his doubts prevail:
Ungrateful for the prosp'rous breeze
That wafts his ship to climes of ease,
He views with uncontroll'd delight
The harbour op'ning to his sight;
Nor on the care of Heav'n reflects,
When gain'd the port that God directs.
In man's desires we always see
Unlimited variety:
Boundless as space, his wishes rise,
His fervent pray'rs assail the skies;
Yet have these pray'rs some fruitless aim,
For wealth, for power, or for fame:—

Short-sighted beings of the dust,
Wealth, fame, and pow'r ye vainly trust!
Such vapors of an idle dream,
Dissolv'd by Truth's resplendent beam,
Like footsteps in the frozen clay,
With the first thaw shall melt away.
Here, in this wood which now we tread,
Have thirty winters bleach'd my head;—
For me the world no charms can boast—
I hate its quicksands and its coast—
Charms all alluring to the eye,
Yet fraught with deathless misery;
Most dang'rous when they seem to bless—
Unhappy in their happiness.
Secure I dwell amid these shades,
These shelter'd groves, these woody glades;
Tranquil my mind, secure my trust
That God is good,—that God is just!
When summon'd from the world, I crave
Near this lone cell a shelter'd grave;
Peace and repose beneath the sod,—
Rest in the bosom of my God;
While yon broad oak, so strangely bent,
Shall be my lasting monument."

The HUNTERS *of* SAINT GOTHARD.
By the Hon. ANNABELLA HAWKE.

"COME, Albert, come, the sunbeams bright
Already gild St. Gothard's height;
The savage wolf we chase to day,
O'er Alpine mountains far away.
Soon, soon his forfeit head we'll gain,
And bear in joy to Uri's plain;
Then, Albert, haste: no more delay:
The sunbeams on St. Gothard play.

"Hark! from the woods and glens around,
Their horns the early huntsmen sound.
Gaily the slipp'ry paths they tread,
Though threat'ning cliffs o'ertop their head:
To wild St. Gothard's steeps they hie,
Ere the sun gains the noontide sky.
Then, Albert, haste: no more delay:
The huntsmen's bugles call away.

"When ev'ning comes with joyful beam,
We'll hail the moon-illumin'd stream,
We'll hail the stars, whose friendly light
Conducts us midst the dews of night,
To where the hamlet's cheerful glow
Gleams on the pale and crusted snow;
Then, Albert, haste: no more delay:
The sunbeams on St. Gothard play."

Sonnet on a SUICIDE.
By the late Mr. WORGAN.

WHERE yon pale cypress shades the lonely way,
Sleep the cold relics of a lovely maid:
Long did the star of peace, with cloudless ray,
Beam on her path; till barb'rous man betray'd
Her soft, unpractis'd heart.—Awhile she gaz'd
With horror on herself; till grim Despair
To her pale lips the fatal goblet rais'd,
Drugg'd with the pois'nous draught.—With idiot stare
And frenzied laugh, she heav'd the bitter throe,
Till death's chill dews her beauteous face o'erspread,
And dimm'd her sparkling eye.—O child of woe,
Light lie the greensward on thy hapless head!
But what shall be the guilt-stain'd wretch's doom,
Whose treach'rous passion hurl'd thee to the tomb?

The nameless CHARM.

ELIZA, I can't say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were.
No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop:
So, when the stars in heav'n appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the united work of all.
He that doth lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more.
But I love all, and ev'ry part—
And nothing less can reach my heart.
Cupid that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

The CRITIC.

DAMUS, an author cold and weak,
Thinks, as a critic, he's divine:—
Likely enough:—we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine!

Vers laissés sur la toilette de NINON LENCLOS, *par un Amant jaloux.*

INDIGNE de mes feux, indigne de mes larmes,
Je renonce sans peine à tes faibles appas,
Mon amour te prêtait des charmes,
Ingrate, que tu n'avais pas.

Réponse de NINON.

Insensible à tes feux, insensible à tes larmes,
Je te vis renoncer à mes faibles appas:
Mais, si l'amour prête des charmes,
Pourquoi n'en empruntais-tu pas?

*** *A Translation or Imitation is requested, for our next or any future Number.*

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Negro Chapels.—By a law passed in Jamaica in November last, any person preaching to negroes without a registered qualification, or any qualified person preaching in an unlicensed house, is subject, for the first "*offence*," to a fine of fifty pounds, or three months' imprisonment—and, for every subsequent offence, to double penalty; and every individual, attending at the meeting in either case, is subject, if a free person, to a fine of five pounds, or two months' imprisonment, for the first offence, and, for each subsequent offence, to a fine of ten pounds, or six months' imprisonment—or, if a slave, to a public "*flogging*" for the first offence, and, for every subsequent offence, to three months' "*hard labor*" in confinement, with the addition of a flogging, at the discretion of the magistrate. And any "*preacher or teacher*," who shall "*be present*" at a negro meeting before sun-rise or after sun-set, is subject to a fine of fifty pounds, or three months' imprisonment; and every other person attending such meeting, to a fine of ten pounds, or one month's imprisonment.

Slave-Murder.—The new Governor of Berbice, Robert Gordon, Esq. has insisted upon an important alteration of the Dutch Colonial Code, in favor of our sable brethren. In an edict of the 1st of July, it is enacted, that every white, or other free person, convicted of murdering, maiming, or wounding a slave, to whomsoever belonging, shall suffer the same punishment which would attach to the perpetration of such crimes upon persons of his own class.

Wahabees.—The new sect of the Wahabees, or Wechabites, continue to extend their power and their principles. A body of them, amounting to 15,000, lately attacked an army of 4000 Arabs and Persians, whom they defeated, with the slaughter of between two and three thousand men.

Volcano.—Another volcano broke out in the sea, near the Azores, on the 4th July, at about eight leagues distance from St. Michael's, and in near 35 fathoms water. It has ejected much lava, and greatly agitated the sea, and will, it is supposed, form an island; but its surface, on the 28th, was still below the level of the water. A third volcano is said to have been discovered a little to the eastward, of which the smoke is plainly visible from St. Michael's. Some boatmen, who approached it while quiescent, report, that the sea on the spot was quite discolored, and had a sulphureous smell, and that they picked up a quantity of dead fish, half roasted.

South-American Congress.—On the 5th of July, the General Congress of Venezuela, consisting of 40 representatives, among whom was general Miranda, issued a declaration of complete and unqualified independence.

The Pope was reported to be still confined at Savona in the middle of July. His guards were numerous, and admitted no person to see him. He every day appeared at a window, and gave his benediction to the people. But, about the end of July, his windows had not been opened for several days; and it was supposed that he had been removed to some other place.

About the beginning of August, a body of six thousand Spaniards commanded by generals Sarsfield and Lacey, descending from the Pyrenees, invaded the French territory, entered several towns, levied contributions to a considerable amount, collected about 500 horses, and returned safe with their booty.

A letter from Laguira, of *Aug.* 8, says—Nothing but confusion reigns over all South America. People are daily taken up on suspicion of plots against the government.... At the different gates leading to the city of Caraccas, are the heads of traitors, stuck upon poles.

Monks of La Trappe.—*Aug.* 22. In consequence of dispatches from the Landamman of Switzerland, two members of the lesser council of Freyburg went to the Val Saint, where the monks of La Trappe have resided for some years, and placed every thing under seal. Orders were at the same time given to arrest the abbot, who, however, is said to have made his escape.

Bank-Robbery.—*Aug* 25. The bank at Charleston, South Carolina, was robbed, to the amount of 130, or 140,000 dollars in specie.

Feudal Titles.—By a decree of *Aug.* 26,

Bonaparté has notified that his subjects in the various departments recently annexed to his dominions, who possess feudal titles acquired before the annexation of those countries to the French empire, shall, until the first of Jan. 1813, be allowed the liberty of appearing before his arch-chancellor, and soliciting the grant of the new titles of the empire, and new armorial bearings, instead of the former, which the laws of the empire do not permit to be retained.

Lightning.—Stockholm, Aug 30.—A few weeks since, the lightning struck down a church in the parish of Sexeraga, not far from Gothenburg, at a time when about 600 persons were assembled at divine service. Three were killed on the spot, and above 100 affected in such a manner that they were taken away deprived of sensation.—Most of them had red stripes and marks on their bodies; all of them complained of head-aches, and pains in the extremities of their bodies.

Advices from *Boston*, of *September* 2, state that the President of the U. S. has, at the demand of the British minister, disavowed any orders as having occasioned the battle with the Little Belt (noticed in our Magazine for June, p. 282) and agreed to call a court martial on Commodore Rodgers.

On the 4th September, Madame Blanchard made her 41st aërostatic ascension, at Milan.

London, Sept. 23.—Two more conflagrations have lately occurred on the continent—the one at Osterhofen, by which 56 houses and barns, containing the produce of the harvest, were destroyed; and the other at Dachwich, six leagues from Gotha, which consumed 40 houses and other buildings.

A gentleman, recently arrived from Paris, states, that Bonaparté's grand plan, on which he depended for a supply of sugar, has been totally abandoned. It was found that the extract from the beet-root did not answer the purpose on several accounts. The grape produced a saccharine substance, nearest in resemblance to sugar produced from the cane; but there was this disadvantage attending the manufacture of sugar from grapes, that, when the juice was kept to a certain season of the year, a fermentation took place, which spoiled the whole process. Indigo has also failed: but cotton has succeeded, and is stated to be equal in quality to the best article of the kind from Berbice. Several cargoes, which had been produced in Italy, had arrived in France from Naples.

Large bands of robbers, noticed in the French and German Papers to stop the communication between Frankfort and the French territories, are said to be formed in considerable bodies of determined warriors, like the Spanish guerillas. They possess a large tract of ground in the Black Forest, and have seised convoys of artillery and ammunition crossing the Rhine, in their march to Poland from France.

Lord Wellington.—On the 25th of *September*, the French general Marmont, at the head of a very numerous army, advanced to relieve Ciudad Rodrigo, which was blockaded by the allies. Two or three days of sharp skirmishing ensued between his army and that of Lord Wellington.—Marmont succeeded in relieving the town; and Lord Wellington retreated, as did likewise the French general, after he had accomplished his object.

Teneriffe, Sept. 27. The yellow fever rages with great violence at Grand Canary.

Kingdom of Hayti (or *St. Domingo*)—A new constitution has lately been promulgated by Christophe, the black sovereign in St Domingo, which establishes a hereditary monarchy in the person of the said Christophe (under the title of King Henry) and his male descendents, or nearest male relatives. But the king may, in default of male issue, adopt the sons of any prince of his kingdom, and appoint them his heirs, in preference to his relatives.—This new government appears to be an arbitrary monarchy, as the constitution provides no checks or limitations to the exercise of the regal authority.

A goldsmith at Pisa (M. Gallani) lately made an experiment in that city, with a new kind of parachute. By the aid of his machine, he threw himself from the top of the cathedral, and alighted upon the ground without sustaining the least injury.

London, Oct. 3.—The city of Pertyckow, one of the richest and most commercial in Russia, experienced, last month, a dreadful fire, which burned 662 houses, with many shops.

London, Oct. 4.—The states of the kingdom of Hungary appear determined to assert their natural rights, in opposition to the system of the court of Vienna. They are willing, it is true, to an-

swer the expectations of the Austrian minister with respect to the taxes and contributions, but not until the priority be given to other matters of a very serious nature. They demand, that perfect liberty of trade should be restored between the Hungarian and Austrian territories, and, with this view, that all the duties now exacted for the ingress and egress of merchandise should be withdrawn. They require further, that, before the pecuniary grants receive the sanction of the Diet, some important points respecting their immunities and privileges should be adjusted, the compliance with which had been long withheld by the craft or policy of the court.

Slave-Trade.—London, Oct. 12.—The Myrtle sloop has captured an American schooner with 400 slaves on board, which she carried into Sierra Leone, where the slaves were liberated.

Antwerp.—Prodigious sums have been expended on improvements in the city and port of Antwerp. Seven years ago there was in Antwerp but a single quay, and the houses were advanced to the banks of the river: at present these houses have given place to superb quays, useful to commerce, and even to the defence of the place.—Six years ago there was no basin in it, but only some canals, where ships drawing ten or twelve feet water could scarcely enter: now there is a basin with 26 feet water, and capable of containing 50 ships of the line, with a passage for vessels of 120 guns.—All the canals or aqueducts, which corrupted the air, and gave this town the aspect of a heap of ruins, have been repaired or cleansed.—In the dock yards, twenty-one vessels of war, of which eight are three-deckers, are on the stocks, more or less advanced. The arsenal is abundantly supplied with all sorts of equipments which the Rhine and the Meuse afford; there are besides in it many thousand masts from the north.

The village of Wungen, Duchy of Luneberg, was, on the night of the 13th, entirely swept away, by the sudden overflowing of the Elbe. Of 250 peasants, its inhabitants, scarcely a dozen escaped; and they owed their preservation to going to the upper stories of their cottages. Many of the buildings, nearly entire, with some dead bodies, were floated, and picked up at a distance of 40 miles from the spot where the place stood.

London, Oct. 14.—The Diet of Switzerland, by the command of Bonaparte, has passed a decree ordering all the Switzers in the service of England to return home by the end of the year, under pain of losing their right of citizenship and their property—and subjecting to similar penalties all Switzers who shall hereafter engage in the English service.

Desperation.—Two families, named Jovich, who had, for upwards of twenty years, established themselves upon the nearly inaccessible mountain of Deligrad, situate between Dalmatia and Croatia, whence they laid all the adjacent country under contribution, were lately surrounded in their retreat by a body of French troops. Despairing of effecting their escape, and learning, in a conference with the French officer, that an ignominious death awaited them, they assembled their wives and children in two buildings, and condemned them to the flames, with their most valuable effects. They afterwards threw themselves from the highest point of the mountain, but did not meet that death which they courted. Nearly 300 souls perished in the conflagration, and many of the survivors were dreadfully burned.

London, Oct. 19.—By the last letters from Persia, we learn that his Excellency Sir Gore Ouseley and his Lady occupied the beautiful palace at Shiraz, called the Takhti Cazar, as being a royal residence of the present reigning family, surnamed Cazar. The other gentlemen of the English embassy, with the escort of cavalry, the artillery, and servants, were encamped close to the gardens of the palace. Sir William Ouseley was preparing to set out on a journey to Darobgard (the ancient Cyropolis), and to explore the ruins of *Pasargada* [or Persagada] and the tomb of Cyrus; after which his intention was to trace the route of Alexander from Pasargada to Persepolis. Sir William hoped to perform this expedition (about 300 miles) in 13 or 14 days; and his brother, the ambassador, had obtained for him a royal firman, and an officer of the Prince's guards to attend him.

Octob. 26.—Letters from Sicily state that a British garrison has obtained possession of Palermo.

Octob. 27.—Advices from America say that the Indians have begun to commit ravages on the fontiers of the U. S. and that they are instigated to these hostile proceedings by British agents, who furnish them with arms and ammunition.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.

DURING the latter part of September, and the beginning of October, His Majesty was tolerably tranquil and composed, took his meals regularly, and occasionally walked through his suite of apartments, but was not able to do it daily. On the 5th of October, the Queen's council, after having examined the physicians, reported that his bodily health was better than at the time of their preceding report, but his "mental health considerably worse;" that some of the physicians did "not entirely despair" of his recovery—that *one* of them thought his recovery probable—all the others, "very improbable."——Two additional physicians, Drs. Symonds and Munro, have been called in; and recourse has again been had to Dr. John Willis, who strongly recommends the same mode of treatment as was pursued in his Majesty's former malady.—On the 19th, the physicians reported to the Queen's council, that they had been obliged to administer opiates to their royal patient, who, at the present date (October 28), is represented to be rather worse than better

Irish Catholics.—Criminal prosecutions have been commenced against Lord Fingall for having presided at a meeting of Catholics—and against the Hon. Mr. Barnewall (son of Lord Trimbleston) for having undertaken the office of a delegate.—The Catholics, nevertheless, in every county of Ireland, have met, and elected delegates, who, to the number of three hundred, held a public meeting in Dublin on the 19th of October. Among them were the most ancient noblemen in the island, and gentry of the first respectability and fortune.—On the day of their meeting, the garrison was ordered under arms, and the whole corps of the Police was paraded, and in readiness. In the midst of these menacing appearances, the delegates coolly proceeded to business, unanimously voted a petition to parliament for the redress of their grievances, and then adjourned.—*After* the adjournment, and when the assembly were peaceably retiring, two magistrates arrived with an order from the head Police-office to disperse them.

Price of Bread.—Quartern wheaten loaf, *October* 3, seventeen pence—*Octob.* 10th, 17th, and 24th, the same.

On the 23d of August, a young ox fell into a cavern on the hill of Carsegownie, near Forfar, about 40 feet deep, and nearly perpendicular. On the 15th of September, after having remained there twenty-three days without either food or water, he was drawn out alive, and has since been reported to be regaining his wonted strength and vigor.

Curious Spire.—A spire of a new construction was erected upon the church of Edgeworthstown, Ireland. It is 50 feet high, made of iron and slate, and painted and sanded so as perfectly to resemble Portland stone, and was put together withinside of the tower, by which means the expense and danger of external scaffolding were avoided It was raised in a few minutes by four men, with the aid of machinery, and easily placed on its destined base.

Gambling.—*Sept.* 24. James Nares, conductor of a "*Little Go,*" was sentenced to be imprisoned six months as a rogue and vagabond, and to be once publicly whipped.

Courageous Sympathy.—A child lately fell off Chelsea-bridge, at high water, into the Thames. A Chelsea pensioner, with only one arm, an honest Hibernian, of the name of Burns, on hearing of the circumstance, hastened to the spot, and, without pulling off his clothes, plunged headlong from the bridge, and caught the child by the hair, as he was sinking for the third time. Burns then threw himself on his back, placed the child on his breast, and succeeded in bringing him ashore.

Gentlemen Coach-drivers.—The driver of a stage-coach was convicted at Coventry, on Saturday last, in the penalty of £10, for suffering a gentleman to drive; by which means an accident happened.

A Well has lately been discovered in the keep of Dover Castle, about five feet in diameter, and upwards of 400 feet deep.—This, according to tradition, is the identical well that Harold promised to deliver, with the Castle of Dover, into the hands of William the Conqueror; the breach of which promise cost the former his life and kingdom.

Robbery of the Treasury.—The locks of

the desks and other places in the Treasury have lately been broken open, and the property secured by them stolen. The depredations were repeated on Tuesday night, without the least suspicion attaching to any person. The principal property stolen is books and stationary.

Prisons.—September 26, a man was fined ten pounds for having conveyed spirituous liquors to prisoners, confined in the House of Correction, Cold Bath fields.

Lightning.—Sept. 27. In a severe storm of thunder and lightning, accompanied with excessive rain, as Mr. Hugh Hughes, farmer, of Tyddyn Whiskyn, was returning from Carnarvon, with his daughter behind him on horseback, she and the horse were struck by the lightning, and expired on the spot.—He received no other injury than a slight hurt in his leg by the fall of his horse.

Pugilism.—So great was the concourse of people, including nobility and gentry, assembled to witness a battle between Messrs. Crib and Molineaux, near Grantham in Rutland, on the 28th of September, that not a bed could be obtained within *twenty miles* of the scene of action on the preceding night.—Mr. Cribb, the conqueror, returned to London, in company with a gentleman amateur, in a barouche and four—the horses decorated with ribbons.

Military Fracas.—Dublin, Oct. 1.—A serious disturbance took place between a regiment of Irish Militia and detachments of the English Militia, quartered in the Royal Barracks. It is asserted, as an undoubted fact, that four hundred Irish had the temerity to oppose fifteen hundred English.—The parties were afterwards publicly and solemnly reconciled.

The collection at the extra musical performance at Glocester Cathedral on Thursday, for the relief of the imprisoned debtors, and the benefit of the General Infirmary in that city, amounted to upwards of 250l.

At a late fire in St. Giles's, the following most remarkable and providential preservation occurred, of the lives of a mother and her four children, who resided in the upper part of the house.—The flames were raging upwards to her apartments, and there was little or no chance of escaping; but being encouraged by the people in the street, who were prepared with beds, she threw out three of her children, one at a time, who were all safely caught, without receiving any injury; the youngest she tied to her back, and jumped out; and they also were caught, without receiving any injury.

Fire at Greenwich Hospital.—October 1, about one in the morning, a fire broke out in the infirmary, which completely destroyed the interior of the North and West sides.—The patients were all saved from danger.

Scotch Marriages.—From the judgement pronounced by Sir Wm. Scott, in the case of W. H. Dalrymple and Miss Gordon, it appears, that, in Scotland, if a man, either in writing, or by verbal declaration before witnesses, acknowledge a woman as his wife, such acknowledgement constitutes the parties lawful husband and wife, although the nuptial rite has not been performed, and even though no conjugal act can be proved.

Pike and Otter.—In the river near Winchester, a young otter was lately seen holding an enormous pike, which he had seised on the back part of its head. The pike, by strong exertion, liberated itself, and seised its opponent by the throat. On the latter uttering a plaintive moan, his dam suddenly appeared, seised the pike, and carried it off.

Female Cricket-Players.—October 2, at Ball's Pond, Newington, commenced a cricket-match, of twenty-two females of different ages, from 14 to upwards of 40, viz. eleven Hampshire females against eleven from Surry. It lasted three days; and the Hampshire party were the winners.

Standing of Coaches.—Oct. 4. At Marlborough Street office, the driver of a Brentford stage was fined and reprimanded for having, contrary to law, placed his coach before the door of a tradesman in Piccadilly, and persisted in the offence, though warned not to do so.

Mr. Drakard's Subscription.—Amount advertised, October 5, £489. 15. 9. (See our Magazine for June, p. 284.)

The Privy Council Office was broken open, a few nights since: but the robbers fled on hearing a noise.

In sawing a fir-tree lately at Paxton House, in the parish of Hutton, the saw was suddenly obstructed by a hard substance; and, on splitting the timber, a horse-shoe was found completely imbedded in it, the wood quite sound all round it. The tree was about 33 feet 6 inches in circumference.

At the late ceremony of swearing in the new Mayor of Plymouth, (Dr. Bellamy), an Act of Parliament was called for by one of the commonalty, of Charles II. and read, containing a clause, that no person is eligible to be elected a mayor or chief magistrate of any city, borough, or town corporate, who has not received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper within a twelvemonth and a day of his nomination. After some time, Dr. B refusing to answer the question, the election was declared void by the common hall.

Balloon.—*Octob.* 7. Mr. Sadler made his twenty-first ascent from Vauxhall, near Birmingham, accompanied by Mr. Burcham, of Norfolk. The process of filling the balloon occupied three hours and three quarters.—It carried nearly 200 pounds of ballast, besides the necessary apparatus, and provisions.—At one period of their voyage, the aeronauts were at the height of about two miles and a half: and, in one hour and twenty minutes, they traveled at least a hundred and twelve miles.

Life-Boat.—*Octob.* 7. A boat was exhibited on the Thames near Blackfriars bridge, fitted out as a life-boat upon a new plan invented by Capt. Cartwright, of Nottingham. It appeared next to impossible either to sink or upset her; when full of water, with 23 men standing on her thwarts, and sixteen half hundreds of iron in her bottom, she continued perfectly buoyant.

The total receipts at the late Birmingham musical festival amounted to the sum of £6,308. 2s. 3d. The clear profit to the charity is estimated at £3,000.

Octob. 9.—Strawberries were exposed to sale in Covent-garden: and such is the extreme mildness of the weather, that several birds' nests have recently been found in the country with eggs.

Octob. 9.—About eleven o'clock at night, a large meteor, or ball of fire, was seen from Stafford. It arose in the west, and was observed to have a train or tail of flame, till it came more immediately over the town. It was of the size of a cannon-ball, and moved with considerable velocity at first; but passing directly east, its progress gradually diminished till it disappeared.

At Ballinasloe Fair, which ended on the 10th of October, upwards of ninety-six thousand sheep were exposed to sale, and above seven thousand head of horned cattle—of which were sold, sheep above seventy-three thousand—horned cattle, above six thousand five hundred.

Preaching.—A few days ago, John Whitaker was fined in the penalty of twenty pounds, by a magistrate, for preaching in an unlicensed house, in the parish of Hanmey, Flintshire; and a like sum was levied upon Edward Welsh, occupier of the house, who, besides, was fined one shilling, for not attending at his parish-church on the Sabbath-day.—Several of the hearers were also fined in the penalty of five shillings each, for being present at the meeting above mentioned.

Licence to preach.—*Octob.* 8. At the late Norwich City Sessions, James Pearson applied to qualify as a dissenting teacher, under the 19th of George the Third, ch. 54. It appeared that the applicant was a minister of no particular congregation. He applied to qualify as a preacher going about to any place or places throughout England, or elsewhere, when called, or where he thought he might be useful. The court refused to grant him a licence, solely on account of his not being appointed a preacher or pastor of a specific congregation.

Strand Bridge.—*Octob.* 12. The foundation-stone of the intended new bridge was laid, on the Surry side of the Thames, nearly opposite to Somerset-House.

Stage-Coaches.—*Octob.* 12. A Brighton and Lewes coachman was fined £40. for carrying a greater number of outside passengers than is allowed by Act of Parliament.

October 14.—A man was apprehended at Liverpool, and committed to jail, to be tried at the ensuing assises, for an attempt to export implements used in manufactures; which is prohibited by an act passed in the present reign.—The implements, in this case, were spindles used in the cotton-manufacture.

British Prisoners in France.—*Octob.* 15. Amount of subscriptions advertised, upwards of sixty-nine thousand pounds.

Upwards of 500 invalids and wounded men arrived at Portsmouth last week from the army in Spain and Portugal.

Fire at Cambridge.—*Octob.* 15, about three in the morning, a fire broke out in Emmanuel college, Cambridge, which consumed one side of the quadrangle, called the Founder's Range. No lives were lost, nor any person hurt: but the destruction of property is estimated at £20,000, of which only £3,500 were insured.

Delivery of Parcels.—*October* 17, a porter belonging to a stage coach office was fined, at one of the police-offices, for not delivering a package within six hours after the arrival of the coach.

Arrest of a Corpse.—Last week, as the funeral procession of a person of respectability was passing to the burial-ground of Shoreditch, the hearse was stopped by Sheriff's Officers, one of whom presented a writ for £30, at the suit of a person with whom the deceased had dealings. The officers took the body out of the coffin, then placed it in a shell, which they had brought with them in a cart, and in this vehicle they carried it away. The body was placed in the custody of the creditor, being deposited in his cellar.—On a former occasion, Lord Ellenborough pronounced the arrest of a dead body to be illegal.

A few days ago, a respectable farmer in Bewcastle, Cumberland, was convicted in the penalty of £20. before two magistrates of Carlisle, for having in his employment a deserter from the Royal Artillery, knowing him to be so.

A quantity of coin, to a very considerable amount, has been seised by the custom-house officers at Portsmouth—the sum, it is said, is £15,000.

There has been again a considerable forgery of bank-notes in Dartmoor prison, executed very well by some of the French prisoners.

At the late Quarter Sessions at Wakefield, T. Bateman was indicted for an assault on his wife. His counsel objected to the case being gone into, on the ground that husbands had, by law, a right to beat their wives; that they could not be tried for an assault, in such cases; but that the proper course was to exhibit articles of the peace against them. The Bench recommended, and the prisoner agreed, to enter into articles to keep the peace; and he was discharged.

Bakers.—Several bakers, for having exposed to sale wheaten loaves not marked with a W, have lately been fined at the rate of one shilling per loaf, with costs.

Extraordinary Robbery and Catastrophe.—During the night of *October* 18, a Mr. Crofton, who was going out to India, as aide-de-camp to a general, committed various depredations in different apartments of the Crown Inn at Portsmouth, where he lodged. On being detected the next day, he cut his throat in a shocking manner, though not so as to cause death.—His blood gushing out on the arm of Mr. Bradbury, the celebrated Clown, who was one of the persons robbed—the circumstance had such an effect on Mr. Bradbury's mind, that he soon after became delirious.

The Comet.—*Octob.* 22. The comet is still in sight, but daily diminishing in apparent size and brilliancy. On this day, it is computed to be above a hundred and sixteen millions of miles distant from the earth, and at the same distance from the sun. According to astronomic calculations, its distance from our globe was above a hundred and thirteen millions of miles on the eleventh of this month, and will be about two hundred and fourteen millions on the nineteenth of November.—It is estimated to be much larger than the moon; and its tail is computed to be above forty nine millions of miles in length.

Born.

September 20. Of the lady of J. Hillersdon, esq. Waddon, Surry, a daughter.

Sept. 23. Of Lady Annabella Macleod, Stirling Castle, a son.

Sept. 24. Of the lady of Ralph Price, esq. Chatham-place, a son.

Sept. 25. Of the lady of Sir W. G. Parker, bart. a son.

Sept. 27. Of Mrs. Elliot, Pimlico Lodge, a daughter.

Sept. 29. Of Mrs. Wm. Baring, Portswood, Southampton, a daughter.

Sept. 29. Of the lady of John Leacock, esq Alfred-place, a son.

October 3. Of the lady of Capt. Turner, Leicestershire militia, a daughter.

Lately. Of the lady of Sir J. Pringle, bart. a daughter.

Octob. 12. Of the lady of Lieut. col. Cumming, 11th Dragoons, a daughter.

Octob. 16. Of the Hon. Mrs. R. Stopford, a daughter.

Octob. 17. Of the lady of the Rev. N. Wade, near Cheltenham, a son and a daughter.

Octob. 20. Of the lady of the Hon. Edward John Turner, a son.

Married.

September 19. G. B. King, esq. Southampton, to Mrs. Coates.

Sept. 25. Chas. Kaye, esq. New Bank-Buildings, to Miss Eliza Atkins, of Russell Square.

Sept. 26. Wm. Trye, esq. of Leckhampton. Glocestershire, to Mrs. Coverdale, of Judd-Place.

Sept. 28. Benjamin Tillstone, esq. of

Moulsecombe place, to Mrs. Hudson.

October 2. Lord Robert Spencer, to the Hon. Mrs. Bouverie.

Octob. 3. W. Francis Lowndes, esq. of Brightwell-place, Oxon, to Caroline, daughter of Sir W. Strickland, bart.

Octob. 5. The Rev Adam Baynes, rector of Adstock, Bucks, to Miss Ross of Fludyer street.

Octob. 5. George Byng, esq. Capt. R. N. to Frances, daughter of Sir Robert Barlow.

Octob. 10. Thos. Jenner, esq. of Calcot, Wilts, to Miss Catharine Jane Mead, of Lambeth.

Octob. 12. The Rev. Vaughan Thomas, rector of Duntsborn Rous, Gloucestershire, to Charlotte, daughter of the late Rev. J. Williams.

Octob. 16. The Earl of Caledon, to Lady Catharine Yorke.

Octob. 16. The Hon. Major gen. Thos. Mahon, to Miss Topping, of Whatcroft-Hall, Cheshire.

Octob. 19. E. M. Mundy, esq. M. P. to Mrs. Catharine Barwell.

DECEASED.

September 21. Mrs. Davidson, relict of Duncan Davidson, esq. of Bedford-square.

Sept. 23. Aged 90, Sarah, relict of James Graham, esq. of Dalstone.

Sept. 24. John Butcher, esq of Southwark, in his 73d year.

Sept. 29. Aged 62, John Billingsley, esq. author of the "Agricultural Survey of the County of Somerset."

Lately. The Rev. Perceval Stockdale, vicar of Lesbury, Northumberland.

Sept. 30. In her 87th year, Lady Mary Cook, daughter of John, the great duke of Argyll.

Lately. In her 78th year, Lady Legard, relict of Sir Digby Legard, Bart.

Lately. At Glasgow, James Graham, author of the "British Gorgics," the "Sabbath," and other poems.

October 4. In his 64th year, the Rev. Thos. Dunscombe, of Broughton, Hants.

Octob. 6. Aged 70, Mrs. Elizabeth Probyn, sister of the late E. Probyn, esq. of Glocestershire.

Octob. 9. The lady of the Rev. Dr. Davy, master of Caius College, Cambridge.

Lately. Doctor Percy, bishop of Dromore.

Octob. 11. The Rev. John Banister, pastor of a dissenting congregation at Wareham.

Octob 11. Aged 69, Jacob Reynardson, esq. of Holywell, Lincolnshire.

Octob. 14. In his 74th year, the Hon. Louis Duff.

Octob. 15. Sir Nathaniel Holland,

Octob. 16. Sir Nicolas Nugent, bart.

Octob. 16. In his 72d year, Wm. Johnson, esq. Walcot-place, Lambeth.

Octob. 17. Dr. Reynolds, aged 66.

About this time. General Picton in his 84th year.

Octob. 19. Sophia, the lady of Henry Cooke, esq. of Hampstead.

APPENDIX.

New Animal.—An animal has lately been brought to England from the Cape of Good Hope, whose fore part resembles an ox, in head, horns, &c. and the hinder part, a horse.

Charity!—A well-known miser, not having given an entertainment during a summer, and his ice-house remaining still quite full in the month of January, his steward asked him what he should do with the ice? "Why!" replied Mr. B. "let it be *given to the poor!*"

Flies.—The following simple mode of preventing flies from sitting on pictures, or any other furniture, is well experienced, and will, if generally used, prevent trouble and damage.—Let a large bunch of leeks soak for five or six days in a pail of water, and wash your picture or any other piece of furniture with it. The flies will never come near any thing so washed.

Trout.—A trout of remarkable dimensions at present inhabits the Clyde, at Thankerton, and may be seen from the top of the bridge every day when the water is transparent. It has been known to the inhabitants of the adjacent parishes for nearly 20 years, during which time it has eluded every artifice that the ingenuity of the sportsman has devised for its destruction.

Myrtle-wax Candles.—Candles, made of the wax of the berry-myrtle (myrica cerifera) are now vended at Hull on very moderate terms. They are said to be fragrant instead of noisome in their odor, economical in their consumption, and clean and agreeable in their use. This myrtle, which grows in various parts of North and South America, delights in moist situations, and would thrive well in England.

Gaming-Houses.—Five persons, taken into custody for having been found at a gaming-house, have been obliged to give bail.